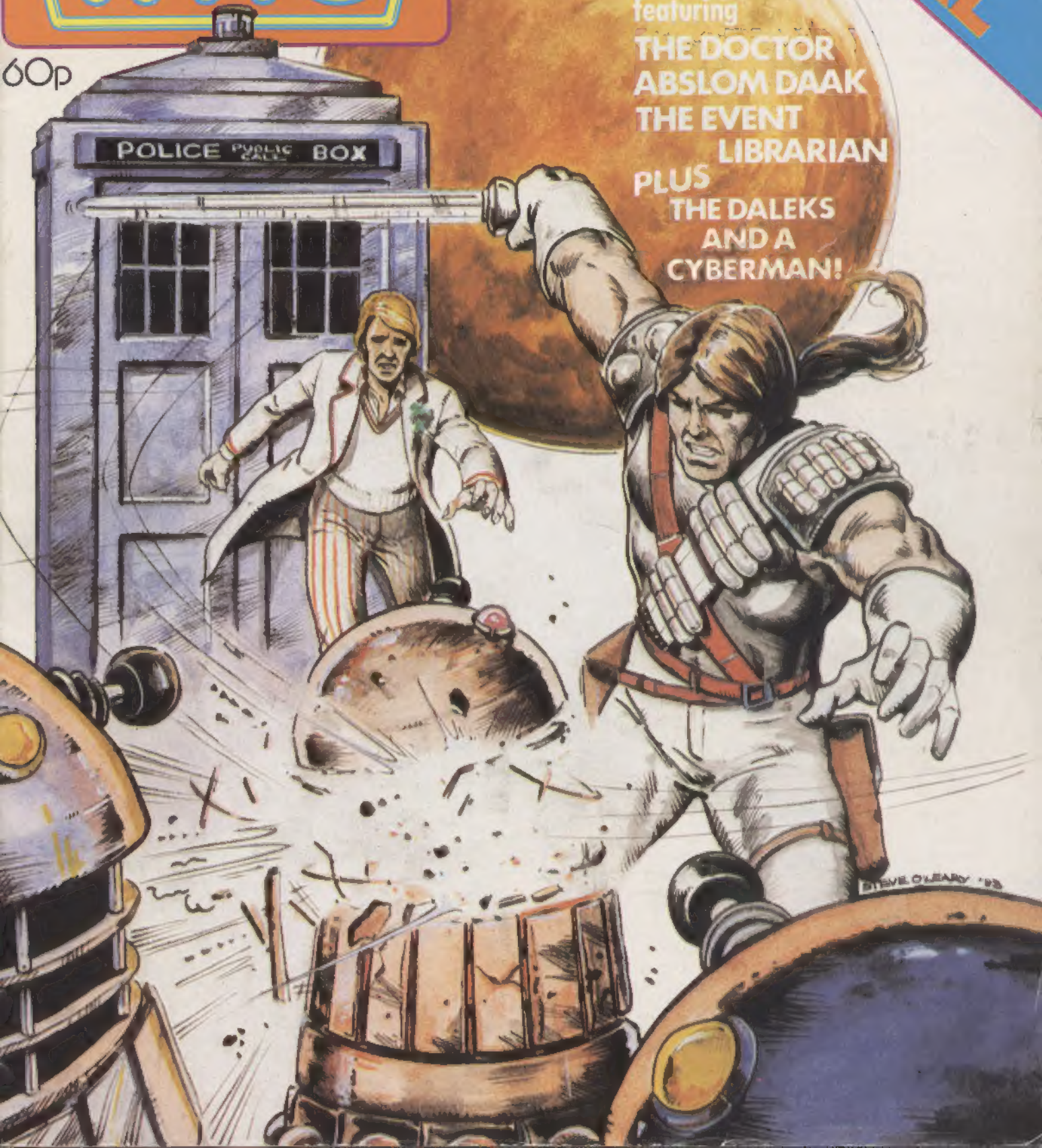


DOCTOR WHO

60p

A
SUMMER
SPECIAL

featuring
THE DOCTOR
ABSLOM DAAK
THE EVENT
LIBRARIAN
PLUS
THE DALEKS
AND A
CYBERMAN!



LALLA WARD as
Romana





CATALOGUE OF EVENTS

Story: Alan McKenzie.
Art: Steve Dillon and Steve O'Leary

"I beg your pardon. Can I help you?"

The Doctor jerked his head in the direction of the authoritative voice. "Oh Hallo," he said cheerily. "Perhaps you can. I seem to have taken a wrong turn. I don't suppose you can tell me where I am, can you?"

"Where you are is less important than how you got here."

The Doctor cast an eye over his new acquaintance before answering. He was a tall man, wearing a black evening suit. His dark eyes sparkled dangerously. The Doctor could tell that he wasn't pleased. "Actually, the TARDIS just sort of brought me here."

"TARDIS? You're a Gallifreyan?"

"Why, yes. Do you know Gallifrey? Haven't been there in an age, myself. It's nice at this time of year. Not too many tourists. Are you a tourist?"

"No."

"Oh, too bad. Travel broadens the mind, you know." The Doctor started to take in his surroundings. The high roof of the room arched a dizzying hundred or so feet above him. There were control panels and computer banks everywhere. Here and there, metal robots busied themselves with some complex task or other. Printouts covered in calculations littered the place. "Ah . . . what line of business are you in Mr . . ."

"You may call me 'The Librarian'." replied the Doctor's host. "The work we do here is of paramount importance."

"Indeed?" The Doctor sounded more impressed than he was. He began to scan one of the numeral encrusted printouts. "Still using paper, eh? You ought to put in a requisition for more modern equipment."

"We manage," said the Librarian, testily. "Now, will you please leave those papers alone and leave this place the same way you arrived?"

"Oh dear," said the Doctor, frowning. "That's no way to treat a traveller who's stopped to ask for directions . . . h'mm, interesting. Those equations are rather complicated. Very similar to mathematical block transfer. Ever been to Logopolis?"

"What do you know about Logopolis?" demanded the Librarian sharply.

"Let's just say I know existential mathematics when I see them. What is it you do here?"

The Librarian looked for a moment like he may have been contemplating violence. He turned over the idea of having the Doctor physically ejected by one of the calculator droids, but it didn't appeal to his sense of subtlety. Besides, a struggle might upset the delicate instruments. But he would have to do something about this clearly deranged time traveller. The Librarian rummaged around in his repository of facial expressions and selected a disarming smile. Humour him. It was the best way.

"This," began the Librarian carefully, "is a kind

of library . . ."

"A library, eh? I don't suppose you have a copy of Commander Conquest and the Menace of the Fractured Airlock by Ivan Asimoff . . ."

"A *kind* of library. But we don't keep books here. We store Events."

"Events. I don't think I follow you," said the Doctor wearing a puzzled frown.

The Librarian was warming to his subject now. It had been a long time since anyone had visited the Library. "Imagine, if you will, er . . ."

"Just 'Doctor' will do nicely!"

"Imagine, if you will, Doctor, that every occurrence in the Universe is the direct result of a series of events. Component events. Every event exists, waiting, ready to be used in conjunction with other events, to precipitate an occurrence. We, here at the Events Library, stand ready to supply each batch of events as they are needed to allow the history of the universe to develop according to the pre-programmed plan."

"Wait a minute," cut in the Doctor. "Are you telling me that you and your mechanical friends here orchestrate a pre-destined plan for the universe, according to some bureaucratic timetable?"

"Well, Doctor - " the Librarian smiled as a teacher to a pupil. " - that is something of an over-simplification. What we do here . . ."

"What you do here is manipulate events, all events, affecting the lives of billions of intelligent beings throughout the Galaxies. Is that what you're claiming? Every birth, every death. Every decision is controlled from here?"

"Not everything. Just events in this sector. We have other branches, here and there."

"You make it sound like a chain of supermarkets . . ."

"Actually, you're nearer to the truth than you imagine. Anything you could require, in the way of information, our files can supply. For example . . ." the Librarian turns to a control panel and stabbed a keyboard a few times, " . . . if I ask the computer to



DR WHO THE NEXT 20 YEARS

AS IT'S THE DOCTOR'S 20TH ANNIVERSARY EVERYBODY SEEMS TO BE TAKING A LOOK BACK AT THE PROGRAMME. WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE MUCH MORE INTERESTING TO BORROW THE TARDIS AND TAKE A QUICK SNEAK PREVIEW OF WHAT THE NEXT 20 YEARS HOLDS IN STORE!

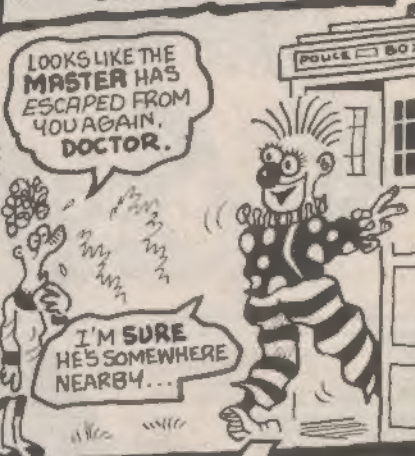
1985 THE RETURN OF ADRIC!
THE BBC FINALLY GIVE IN TO THE DEMANDS FROM HIS FAN CLUB



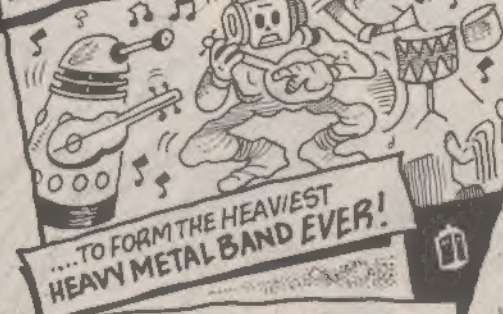
1988 - THE FIRST FEMALE DR WHO!



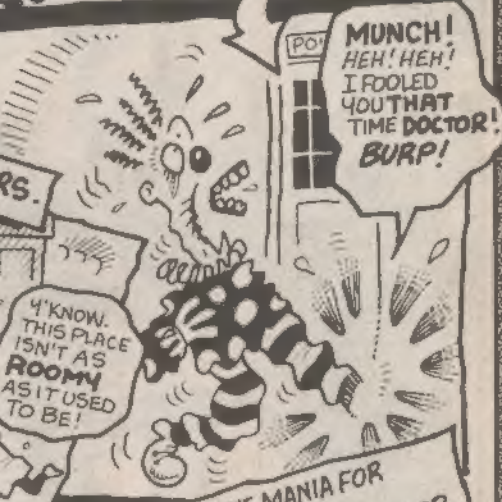
1990. THE MASTER'S MOST CUNNING DISGUISE YET...



1993 THE FIRST DALEK, CYBERMAN, MECHANOID AND GIANT ROBOT TEAM-UP...



1995 - THE TWELVE DOCTORS.



1998 - AT LAST! THE THIRD DR WHO MOVIE GETS UNDER WAY AT THE SCRIPT SESSION....



2000AD - THE DOCTOR WHO COTTAGE (POLICE BOX) INDUSTRIES IS FORMED...



2003AD - AS THE MANIA FOR DOCTOR WHO RELATED MERCHANDISE GROWS EVER STRONGER PATRICK TROUGHTON IS SOLD FOR \$88 MILLION AT A DOCTOR WHO CONVENTION!



SCRIPT BY TIM (OLD MOOSE) QUINN
ART BY DICKY (THE MIB) HOWETT



give me a readout on the being called 'The Doctor', native planet Gallifrey, we should get a readout of your life so far. At the touch of a button, I can get a computer projection for the remainder of your life-span." The Librarian paused, then added darkly, "If you have one!"

The Librarian's expert eye scanned the jumble of symbols that appeared on the small, television-style screen. His eyebrows arched quizzically as he read. "My, my," he said after a few minutes, "you have been a busy fellow in your life, haven't you?"

"I think I can say I've done my bit against injustice," said the Doctor quietly.

The Librarian was still reading the strange symbols of the viewscreen. Then, abruptly, he turned

from the screen to face the Doctor. "Done your bit? It would be more accurate to say you've made a full time career out of interfering in things that don't concern you."

It's true that I have interfered where life and liberty were at stake. How could any rational being do otherwise?"

"And you feel that your interference helps make the Universe a better place? Well, let's put that claim to the test. I'll pick one of your exploits, your adventures, at random. Let's see if your pious attitude stands up to the harsh light of scrutiny." The Librarian tinkered with the keyboard again. Within a few seconds an image had started to form on the screen . . .

ON THE FURTHERMOST EDGE OF THE SPIRAL ARM OF THE MILKY WAY GALAXY -- FAR FROM THE ACTION -- AROUND THE BACKWATER PLANETS AND SUBURBAN SUNS CHUGGED THE SALVAGE SHIP **DRIFTER**... A MOBILE MONUMENT TO THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE RE-CYCLING OF SCRAP METAL!

AMAZING!
ABSOLUTELY
AMAZING!
I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE
THAT
BEFORE!

JUNK YARD DEMON

ON THE BRIDGE, HER DEVOTED PILOT AND BUILDER, FLOTSAM, SURVEYED HIS DOMAIN WITH AN EYE TRAINED TO SPOT THE TINIEST DETAIL IN AN ENDLESS VOID...

... WITH THE HELP OF HIS GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDFATHER'S BRASS TELESCOPE ...

IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN DEALING IN SALVAGE, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT!

NO
NUCLEAR
ENERGY

MIND YOU ... I LOVE THE LOOK OF IT ... A BOX WITH LITTLE WINDOWS! TERRIFIC!

I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT!!

BRIDGE TO BOILER-ROOM! FLOTSAM CALLING JETSAM...

SAVE THE ZIG

COME IN, PLEASE, JETS!

JETS! CAN YOU HEAR ME? BOILER-ROOM COME IN, PLEASE!

JETS! WAKE UP! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE ... I CAN HEAR YOU SNORING!!

EH... WHAT?

WHADDYA MEAN... SNORING? I WAS JUST HUMMING TO MYSELF, THAT'S ALL!

YOU'D BETTER GET SHOVELLING, JETS! WE NEED A GOOD HEAD OF STEAM!



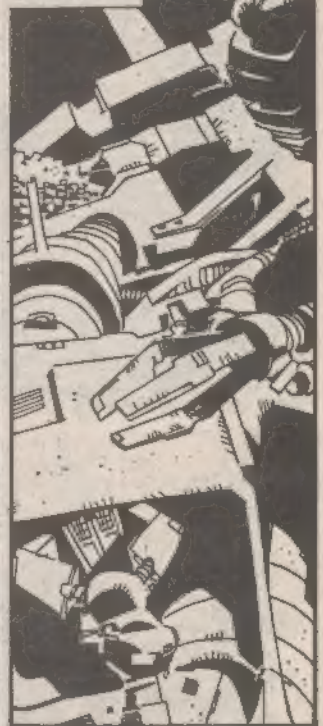
SO THE DRIFTER MADE SPEED...



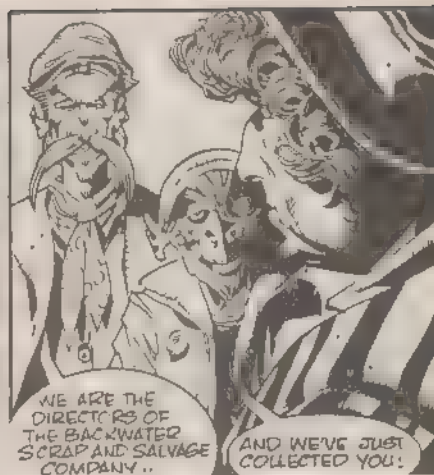
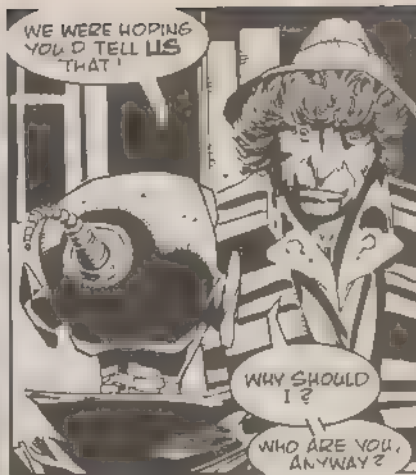
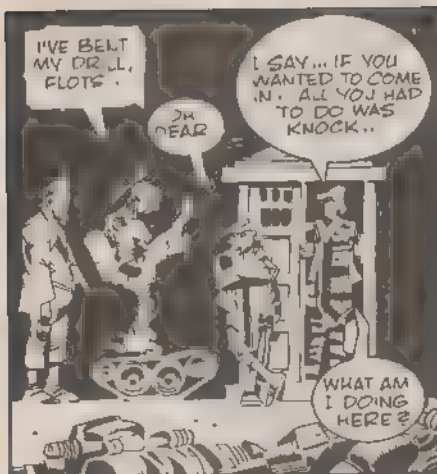
... SOON OVERHAULED THE MOTIONLESS TARDIS ...

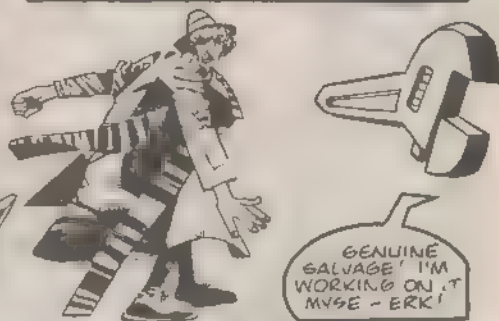
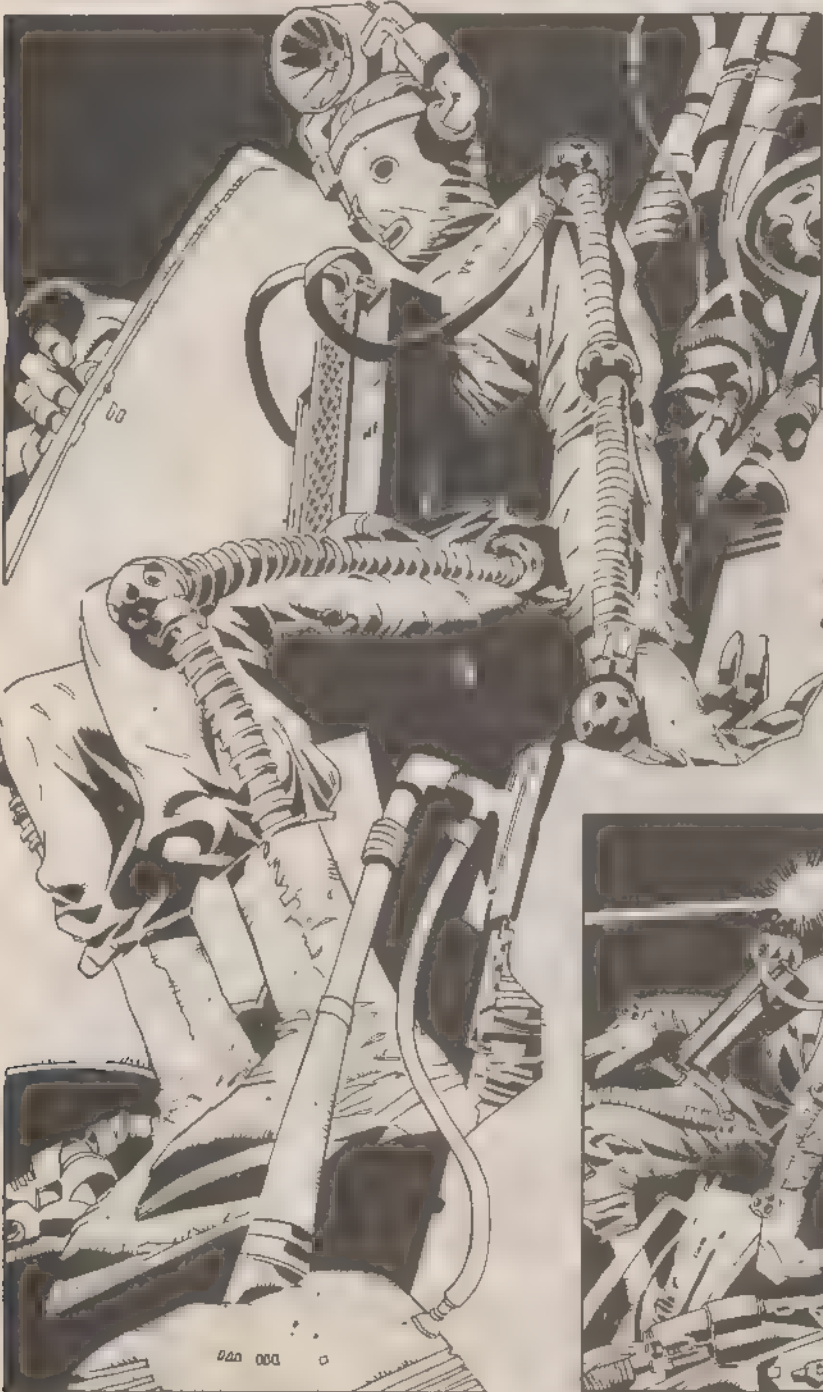


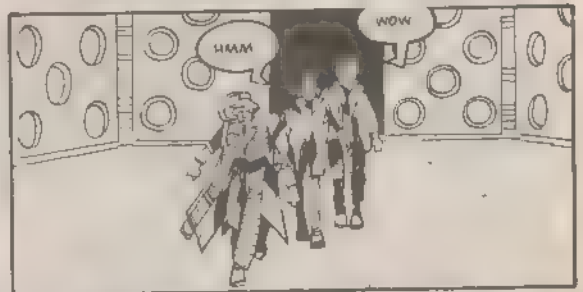
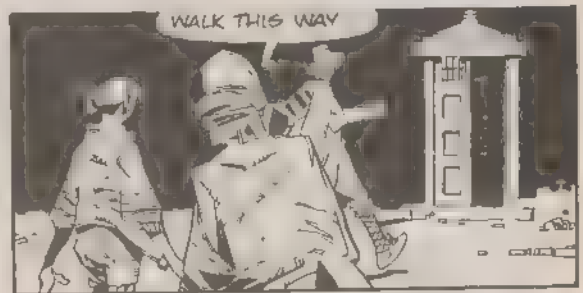
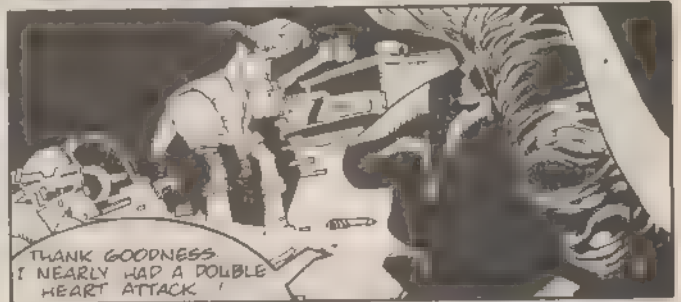
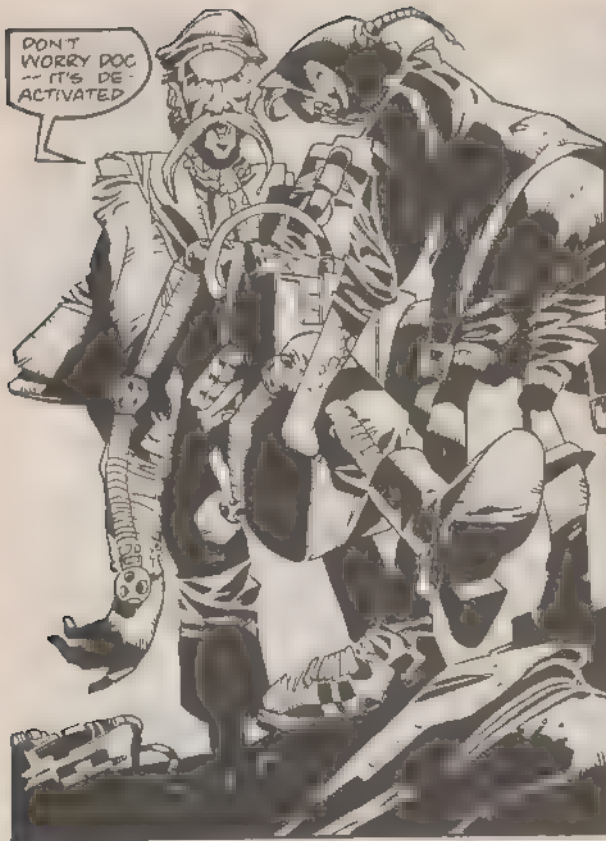
... AND SWALLOWED THE LITTLE TIME-CAPSULE IN ONE GULP!

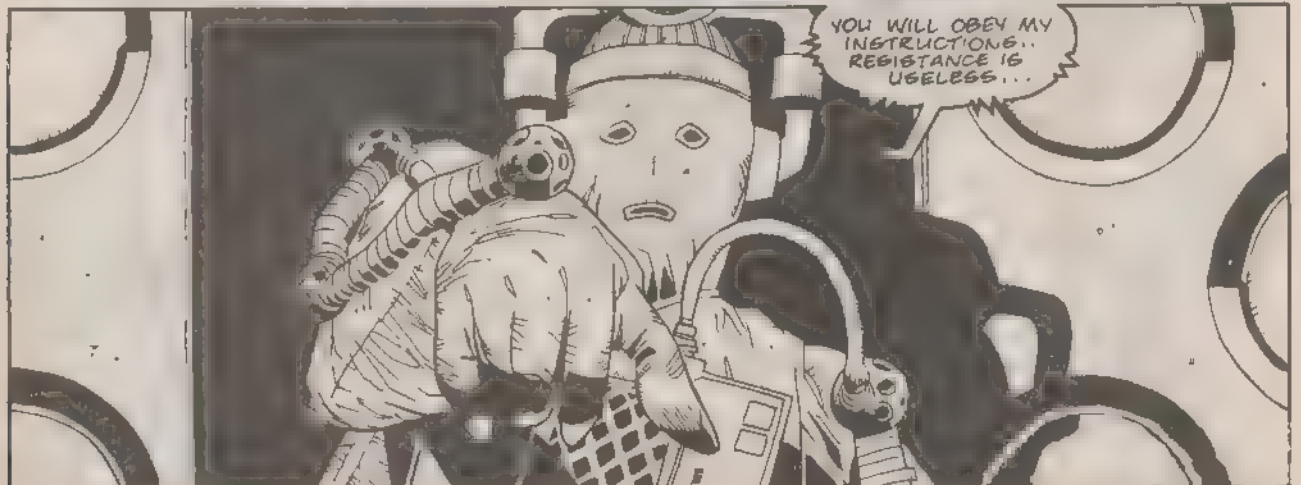












THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY THE SALVAGE CRAFT **DRIFTER** CREWED BY JUNK DEALERS **FLOTSAM** AND **JETSAM**. AMONGST THE SCRAP METAL ON BOARD THE DOCTOR DISCOVERS A **CYBERMAN**, AND ACCIDENTALLY ACTIVATES IT.

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

YOU ARE IN MY POWER! YOU WILL OBEY MY INSTRUCTIONS!

JUST SAY THE WORD AND WE'LL RUSH 'IM DOC - HE CAN'T STOP THE THREE OF US!

DO AS HE SAYS! ONE CYBERMAN COULD STOP AN ARMY!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! WE'VE NEVER HAD ONE TURN PUSHY BEFORE!

THIS CRAFT IS COMMANDEERED BY THE AUTHORITY OF CYBERNAUT ZOGRON!

YOU WILL NOW DO MY BIDDING!

THE DRIFTER'S WINDMILL-POWERED ROBOT, DUTCH, HAD OTHER IDEAS

ONLY ONE THING TO DO WITH SCRAP METAL - BREAK IT UP!

EZZA

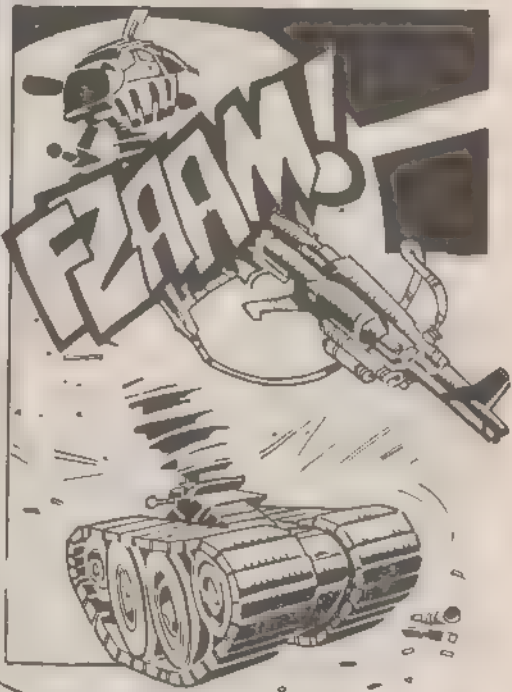
INSTEAD OF FALLING TO THE FLOOR IN FRAGMENTS THE CYBERMAN APPEARED TO GROW!

YOUR WEAPONS CANNOT HARM ME!

ANY POWER DIRECTED AT ME WILL BE ABSORBED AND USED AGAINST YOU!



YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

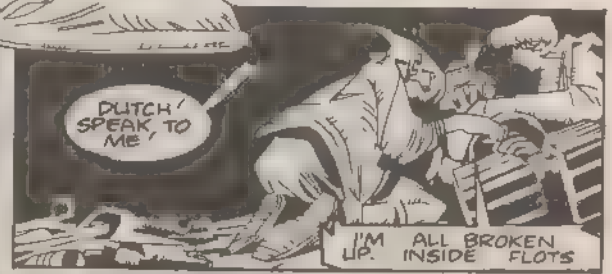


EZRAAM!



DUTCH! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

SIGH



DUTCH SPEAK TO ME!

I'M ALL BROKEN INSIDE FLOTS



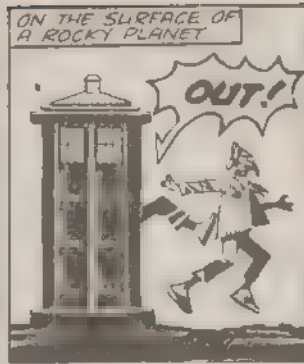
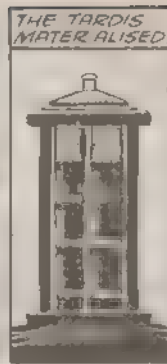
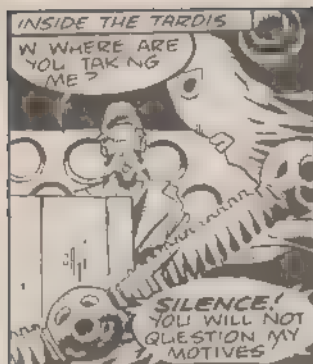
AND THEN

OH NO!



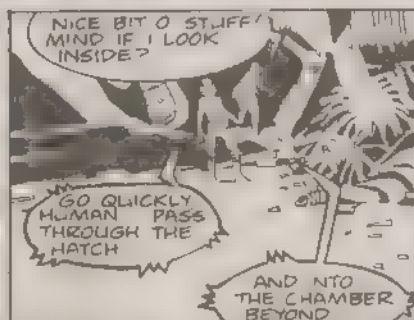
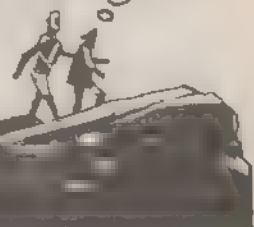
THE CYBERMAN HAS STOLEN THE TARDIS!

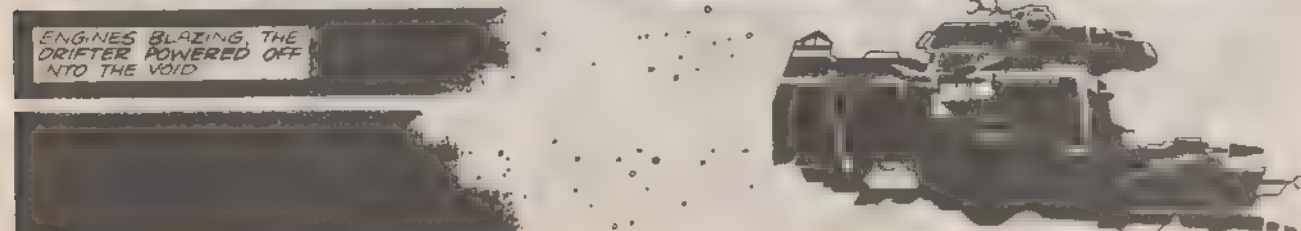
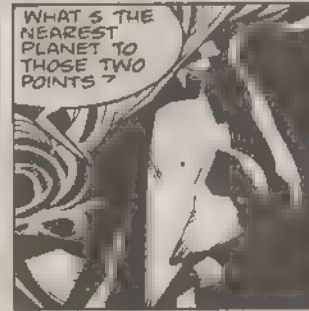
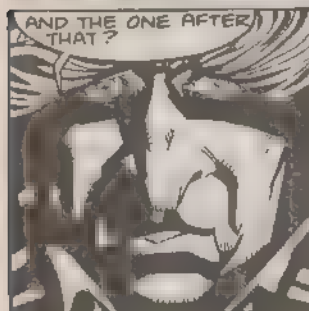
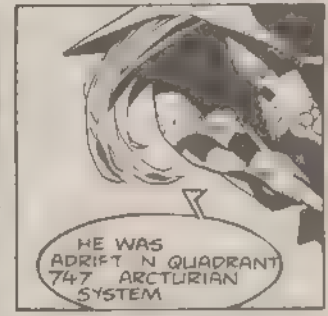
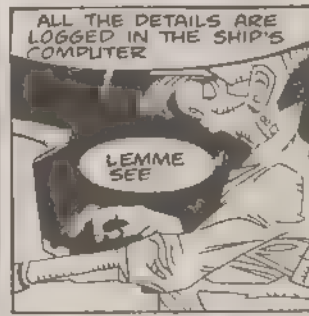
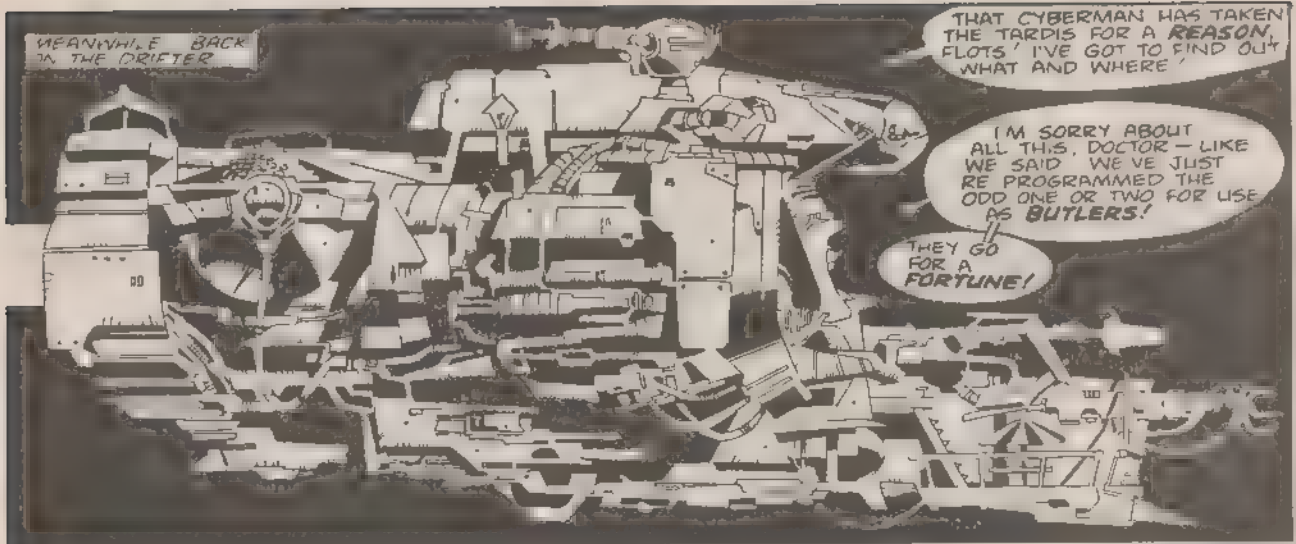
AND TAKEN JETS WITH HIM!

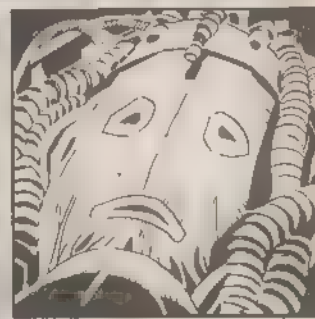
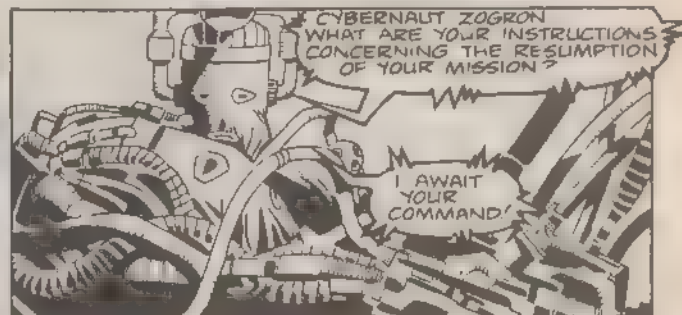


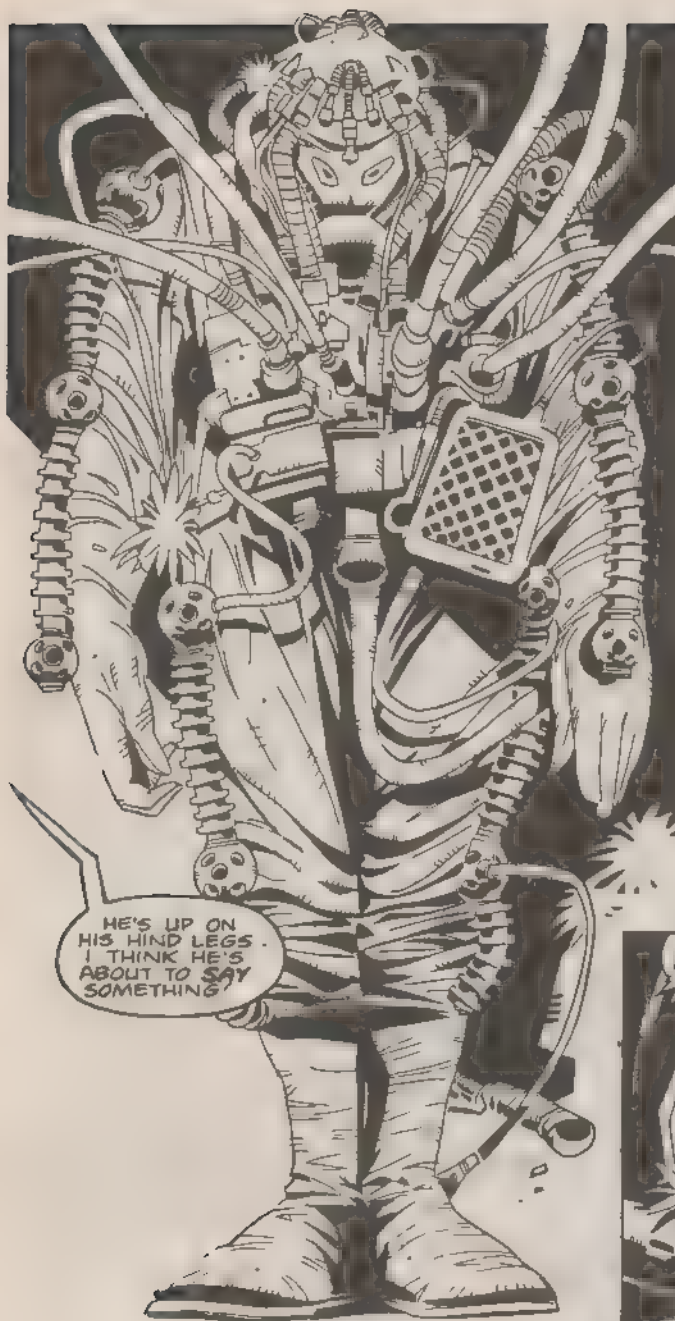
JUST ONE GOOD CHANCE IS ALL I NEED

AND THIS TIN GORILLA IS GONNA FIND HIMSELF LYIN' AT THE BOTTOM OF A CLIFF





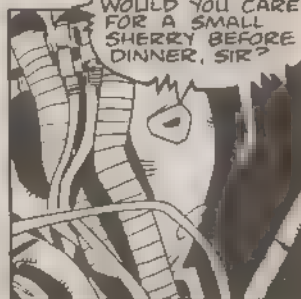




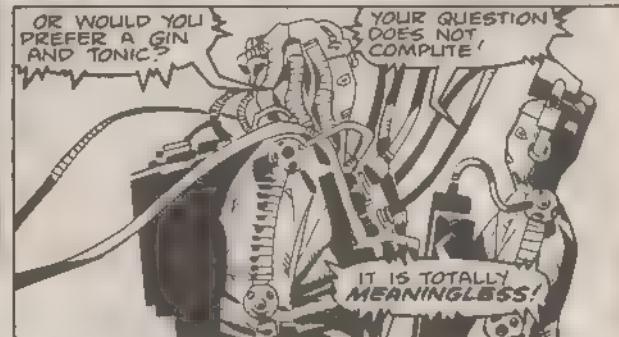
HE'S UP ON HIS HIND LEGS. I THINK HE'S ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING



CYBERLEADER I AWAIT YOUR COMMAND! THE COSMOS AWAITS! SPEAK TO ME!



WOULD YOU CARE FOR A SMALL SHERRY BEFORE DINNER, SIR?



OR WOULD YOU PREFER A GIN AND TONIC?

YOUR QUESTION DOES NOT COMPUTE!

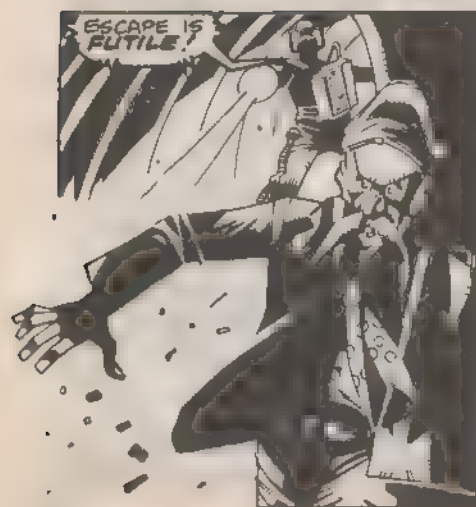
IT IS TOTALLY MEANINGLESS!



HUMAN! YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME! YOUR LIFE WILL BE TERMINATED FORTHWITH!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, MATE!

MAY I TAKE YOUR COAT, MADAM?

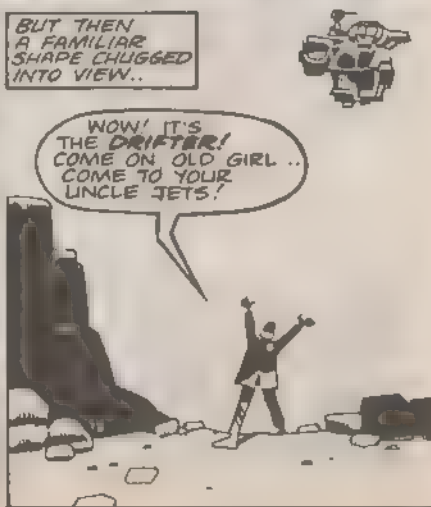


ESCAPE IS FUTILE!



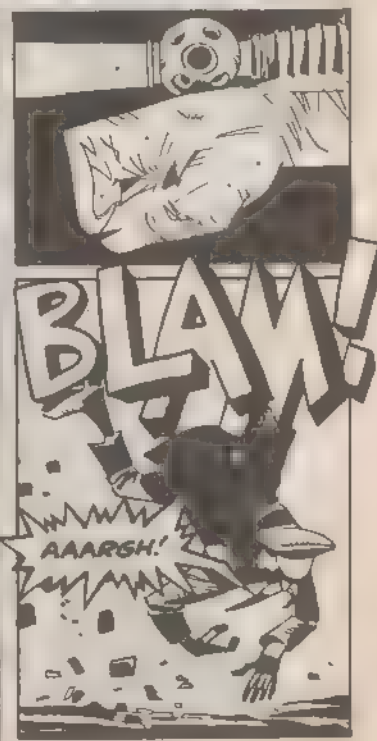
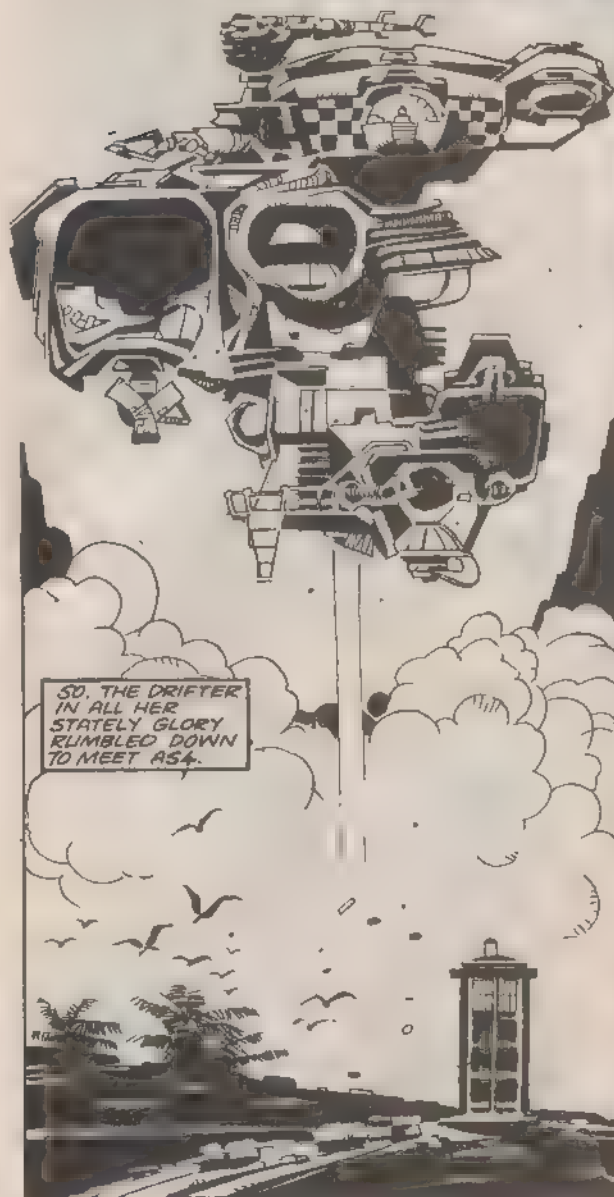
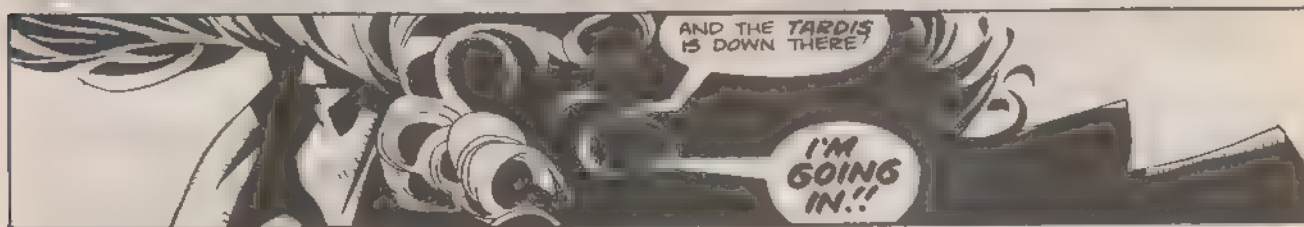
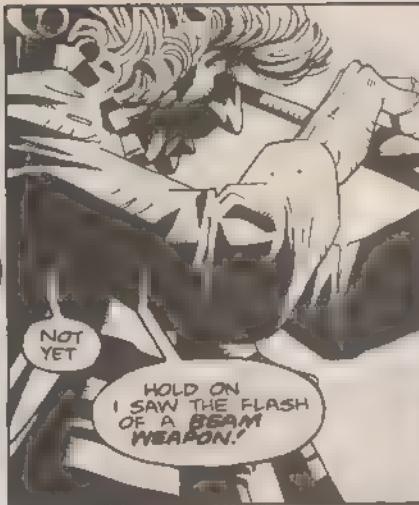
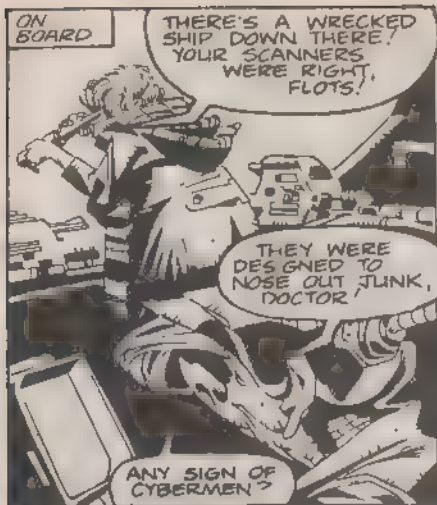
YOU HAVE NOWHERE TO ESCAPE TO!

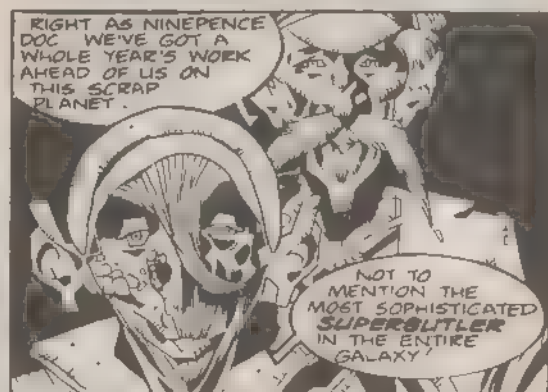
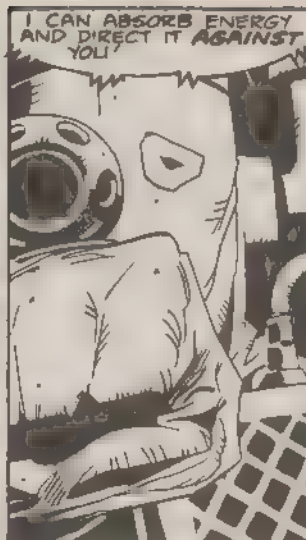
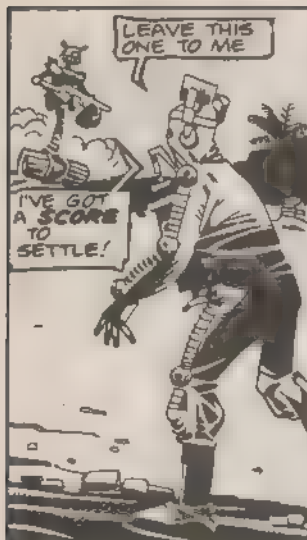
HE'S GOT A POINT THERE! EITHER WAY I'M A GONER



BUT THEN A FAMILIAR SHAPE CHUGGED INTO VIEW..

WOW! IT'S THE DRIFTER! COME ON OLD GIRL... COME TO YOUR UNCLE JETS!

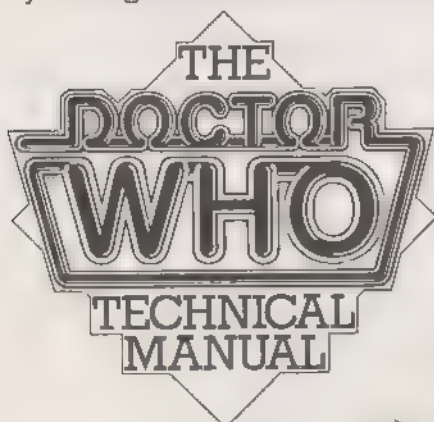




THE END

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By arrangement with the British Broadcasting Corporation.



By
Mark Harris

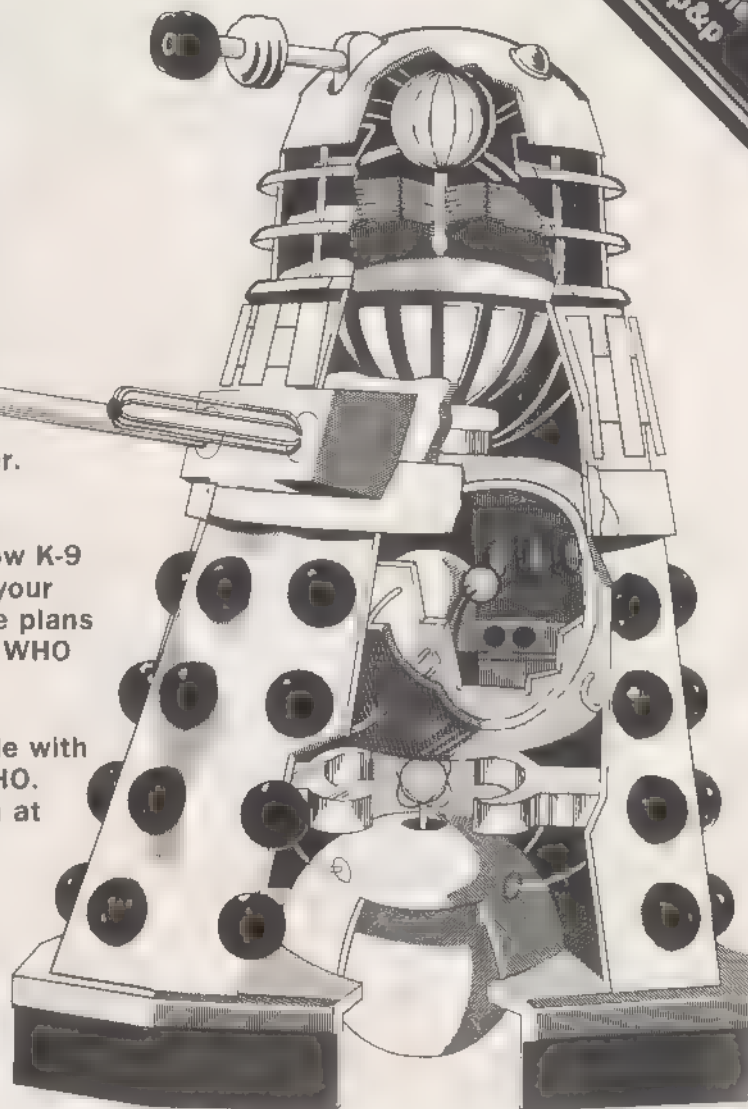
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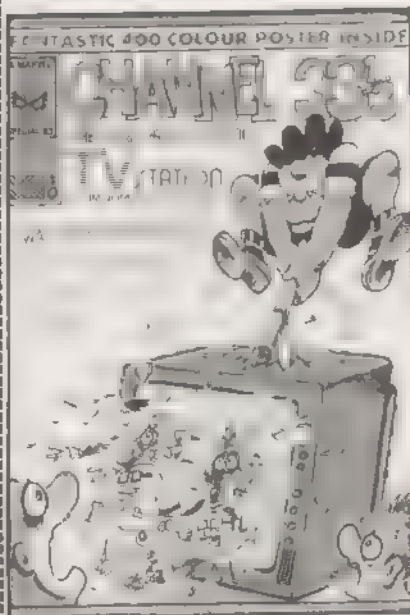
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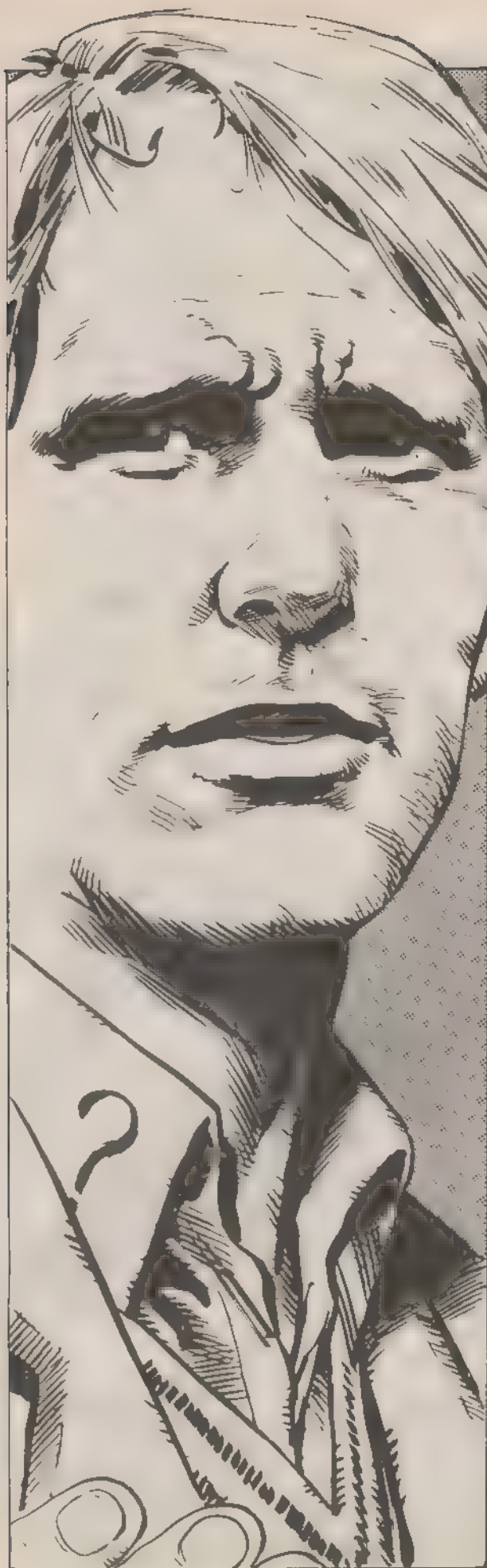
SIGNED:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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AMOUNT ENCLOSED:



The Events Librarian turned from the viewscreen as the last image faded from sight. The Doctor cleared his throat noisily and looked about him as though pre-occupied with some vast mental problem. Finally, the Librarian spoke.

"It seems to me, Doctor, that you cause more trouble than you cure."

"That's unfair," exploded the Doctor. "And, anyway, who are you to pass judgement on my actions? You're nothing more than a paper shuffler. We Time Lords have a moral duty to those races less fortunate or less advanced than our own."

"Do you speak for all Gallifreyans? Or are you merely justifying your own adventuring?"

"I'm not justifying anything," said the Doctor, controlling his irritation. "True, there are those Time Lords who feel that we should stay on Gallifrey and keep out of the affairs of other races. But I feel we have a moral duty to help wherever we can. There's ample precedent for what you call my interference throughout the history of the known universe. Many great beings have put their own safety second when it comes to helping others."

"And you count yourself among the great beings of the Universe?"

"Now you're being petty. All I believe is that we all have a duty to give what we can to those less fortunate than ourselves. All the great religions are based on that very ideal. Yet you and your helpers organise the catastrophes of infinity."

"But we give the entire space/time continuum Order. Everything is controlled, balanced. Dogooders upset the delicate scales of existence. And in the long run, achieve little." The Events Librarian glanced at the view screen, reading the symbols with a practiced eye. "You seem to have spent much of your time fighting a race called the Daleks. Yet, what have you accomplished there? Why, it says here that there was even a time when you held the absolute power of life and death over these beings. And what happened? For all your moralising about the prevention of injustice, you let these patently evil creatures live."

The Doctor thrust his hands deep into his pockets and examined the floor carefully. When he looked up again he said, "No one has the right to take life... except, perhaps, in self defence."

"You see, Doctor? Things aren't quite as black and white as they first appear, are they? It is a rule of the Universe that every action, however slight or apparently inconsequential, sets up a series of ripples that expand ever outwards, touching and affecting everything that happens to lie in their path."

All too often, it is impossible to judge just how any action will affect the whole. Impossible for you, that is. And this is where my helpers and I come in. It is our job to keep a close check on events and

ensure that things don't get out of hand." The Librarian touched a switch on one of the nearby panels and suddenly they were standing in the void of space. Around them a battle raged. Sleek battle cruisers and tiny fighters swooped and dived, delivering their messages of destruction. Despite the vacuum of this pseudo-space, the Doctor could hear the explosions, the screaming of torn metal and the anguished cries of the injured.

"And you don't call this out of hand," asked the Doctor mildly.

"Not at all," replied the Events Librarian dismissively. "This is all very much under control. We keep this conflict localised. As few races as possible are involved. No permanent damage to the fabric of the universe is permitted."

"That's very re-assuring. But what kind of person are you that allows this carnage in the name of order?"

"Doctor, without our control, the results of this conflict would reverberate throughout the civilised galaxy. We don't cause wars. Wars cause them-

selves. We try to keep a lid on the pot while it simmers." The Librarian reached out a hand and the image of the space battle was replaced by the humming control room again. "Adventurers like yourself don't have the benefit of computer extrapolations to help you judge the consequences of your actions. At the same time, I don't mean to imply that you are solely responsible. Adventurers through the ages have made things difficult for my colleagues and myself. Now . . ." The Librarian busied himself with the viewscreen again. "... let's see if I can find you an example of the kind of thing I'm talking about. Ah yes, here we are. Tell me, Doctor, have you ever heard of a humanoid called Abslom Daak? Like you, he has devoted portions of his life to fighting the evil of the Daleks. Like you, he has seen triumph and tragedy. Like you, he could never foresee the consequences of his actions. Observe . . . and learn."

For the second time an image began to form on the screen. The Doctor remained silent and watched.



ABSLOM DAAK...

DALEK-KILLER

Part One

SCRIPT STEVE MOORE
ART STEVE CONN

THE 26TH CENTURY
...TWO GREAT EMPIRES
SPREAD THROUGH SPACE ONE
CENTRED ON EARTH THE OTHER
ON SKARD. LIFE IS LIVED AGAINST
A BACKGROUND OF WAR... A
STALEMATED WAR THAT NEITHER
SIDE CAN WIN... THOUGH FEW
HUMANS HAVE SEEN THEIR FOE,
EXCEPT THOSE OF A RARE
BREED... THAT OF THE...

ABSLOM DAAK...
YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND
GUILTY ON 23 CHARGES
OF MURDER, PILLAGE
PIRACY, MASSACRE AND
OTHER CRIMES TOO
HORRIBLE TO BRING
TO THE PUBLIC
ATTENTION...

THERE ARE
ONLY TWO
CHOICES...
DEATH BY
VAPORISATION

...OR
EXILE
D-K!!

VAPORISATION
DOESN'T HURT
... I'LL TAKE
DEE-KAY!!

YOU KNOW
WHAT THIS
ENTAILS?

SURE

THEN MAY
YOUR GOD HAVE
MERCY ON YOUR
SOUL... TAKE
HIM AWAY!

DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE
A BRAVE MAN OR A FOOL,
DAAK-- BUT IT'S YOUR
CHOICE. COME ON!

NEXT
CASE?

CURTIS HENRY
FOOL-- ACCUSED
OF EATING THE
VEGAN
AMBASSADOR!

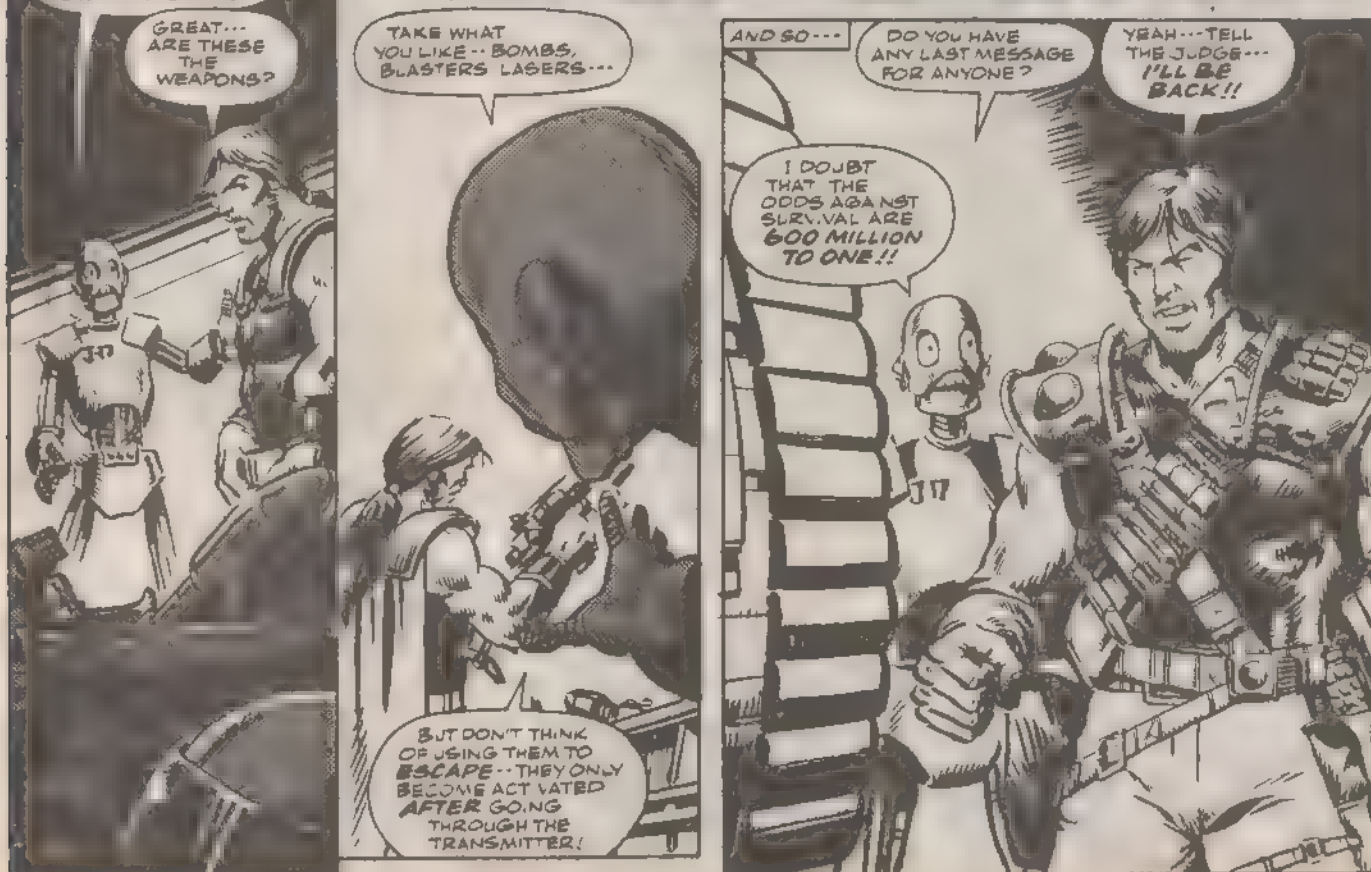
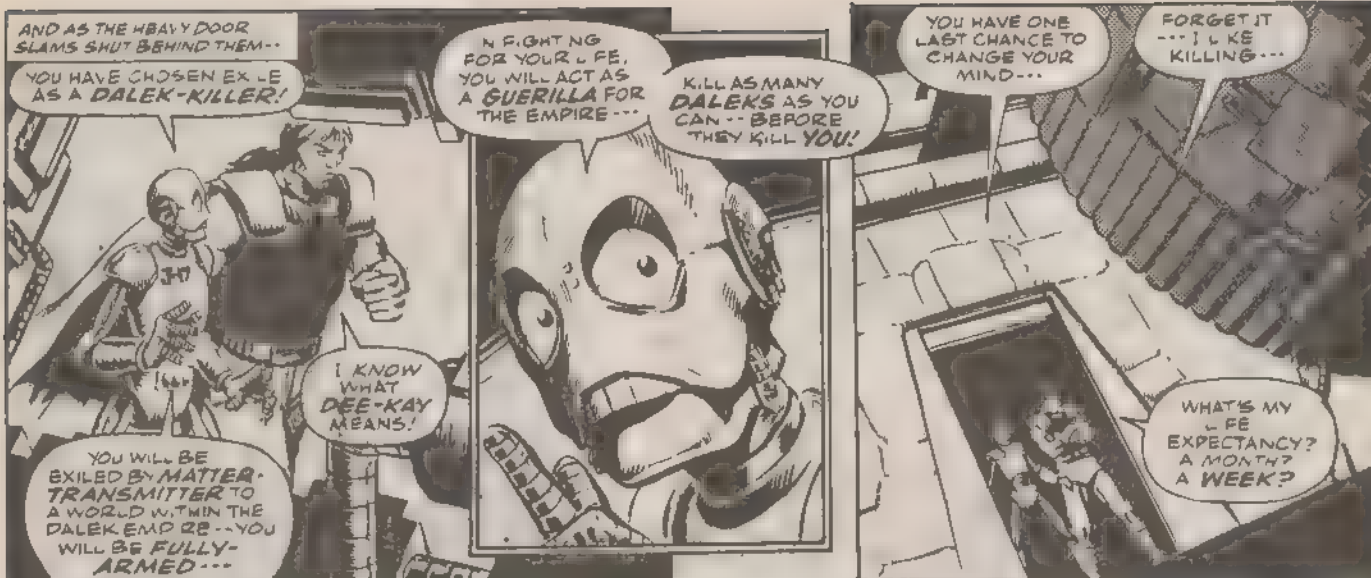
AND DAAK IS LED AWAY TO THE DEE-KAY
ROOM FROM WHICH NONE RETURN...

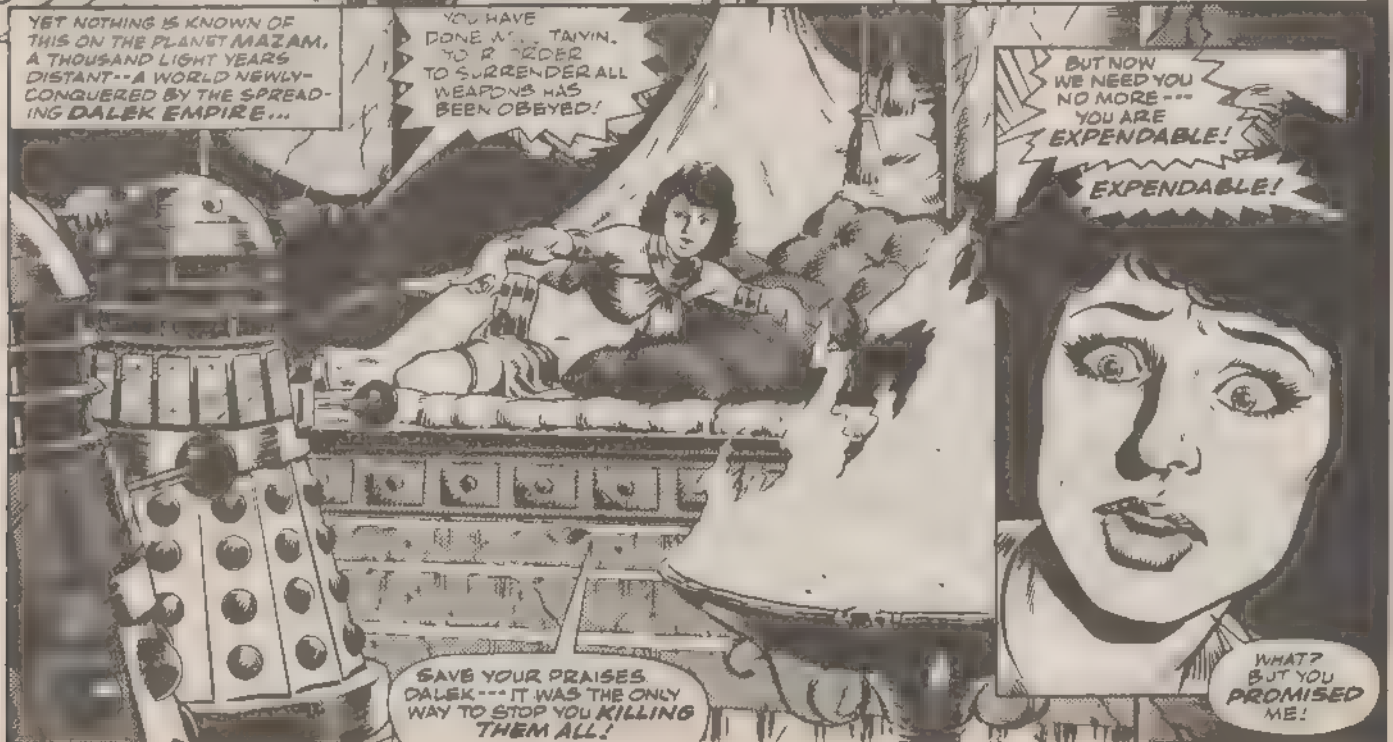
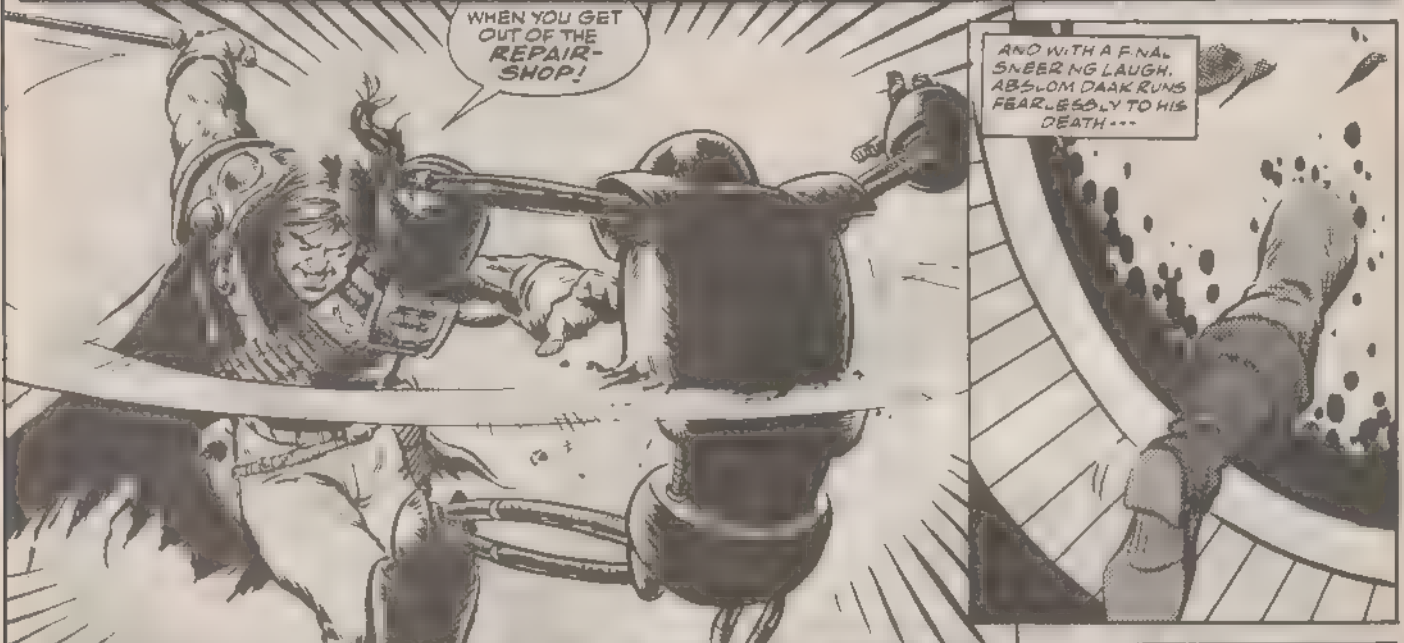
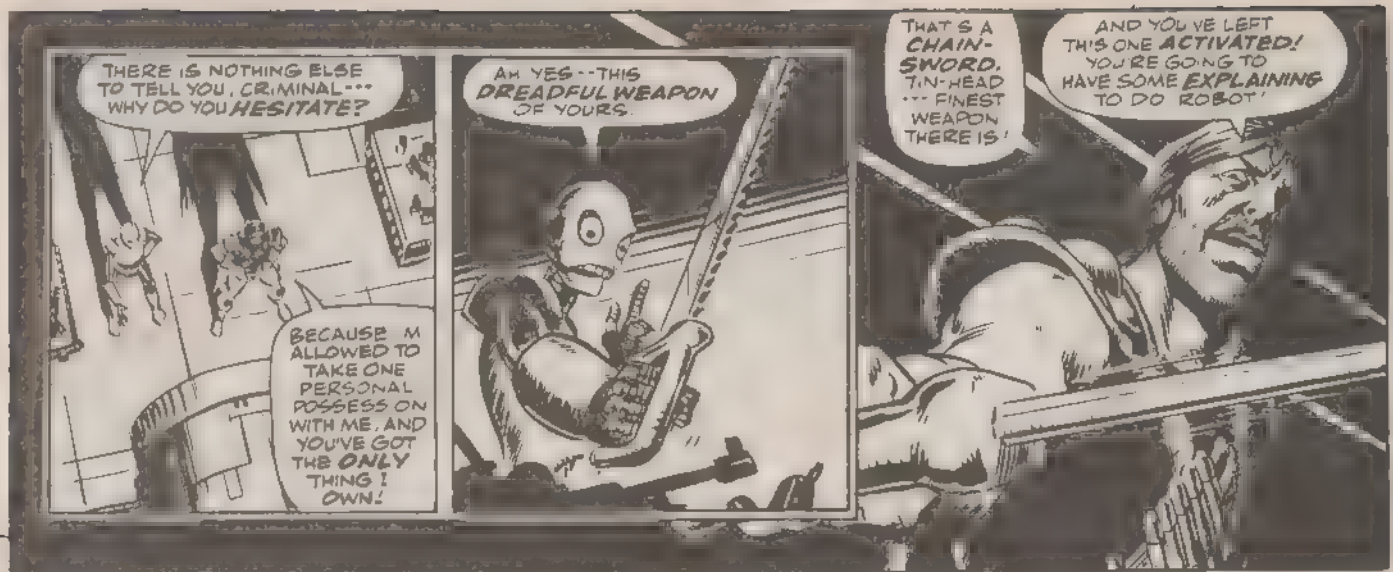
FROM HERE
ON IT'S ALL ROBOTS
... I'M THE LAST MAN
ON EARTH YOU'LL SEE

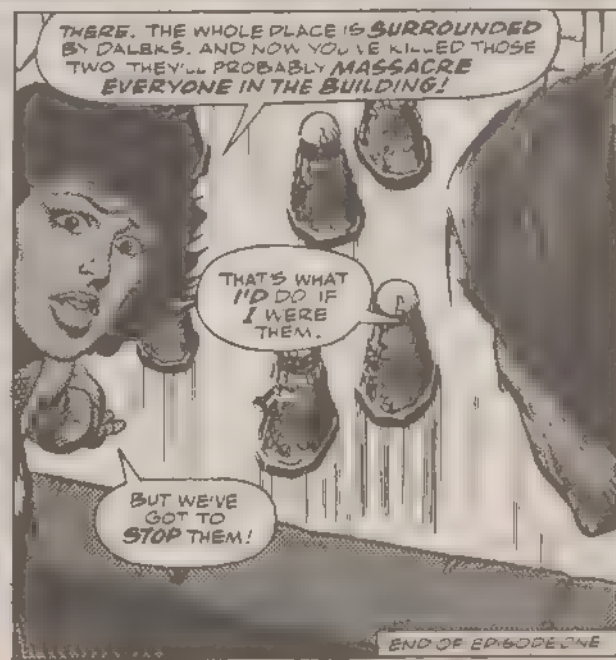
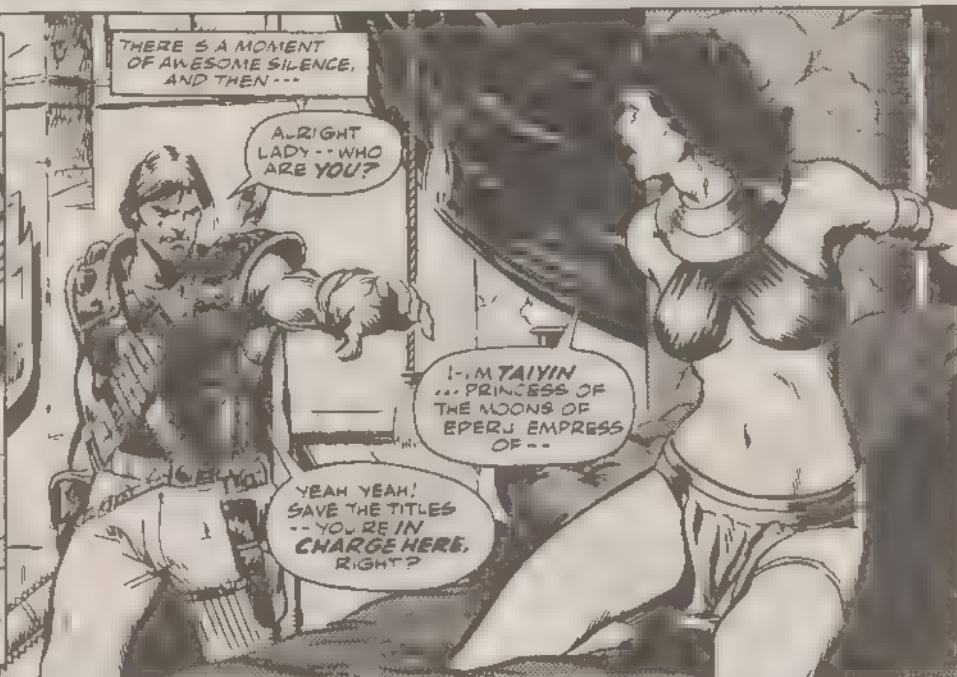
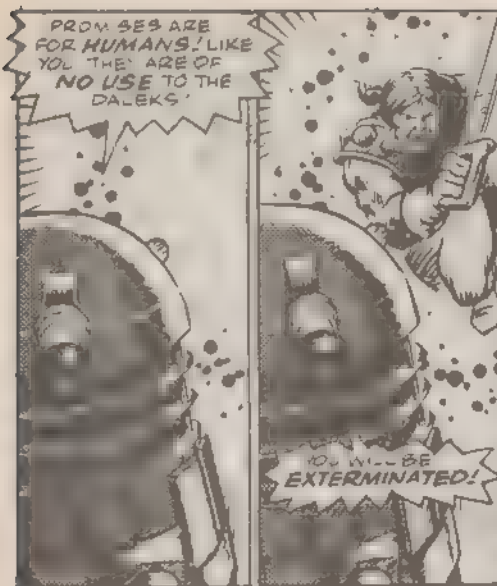
I WON'T MISS
YOU, CREEP...
OR ANYONE
ELSE!

D-K

TELL HIM
HIS RIGHTS,
J-7!







ABSLOM DAAK.

DALEK-KILLER

Part Two

SCRIPT STEVE MOORE
ART STEVE DILLON

ARRIVING AT THE PALACE OF PRINCESS
TAIVIN, DAAK FINDS THE BUILDING
UNDER HEAVY SIEGE---

IF A SLIGHT
DISTURBANCE WERE
TO BREAK OUT AT THE
FRONT HERE-- HOW
SOON COULD YOU GET
ALL YOUR PEOPLE TO
SAFETY AT THE
BACK?

I--I
DON'T
KNOW!

THE 26TH. CENTURY, BARTHMAN ABSLOM
DAAK, CONVICTED MURDERER, HAS BEEN
EXILED TO THE PLANET MAZAM, RECENTLY
CONQUERED BY THE DALEK EMPIRE. WITH NO
HOPE OF RETURN, HIS ONLY TASK IS TO KILL
AS MANY DALEKS AS HE CAN-- BEFORE--
THEY KILL HIM---

THEN
FIND OUT,
LADY.

AND---

UNDER
ATTACK!!
UNDER
ATTACK!

BALCONY:
VECTOR 837!
ONE HUMAN
ASSAILANT!

BOOM!

HA! LOOK AT THE
TIN HORRORS
SCATTER!

BUT NOT FOR LONG---

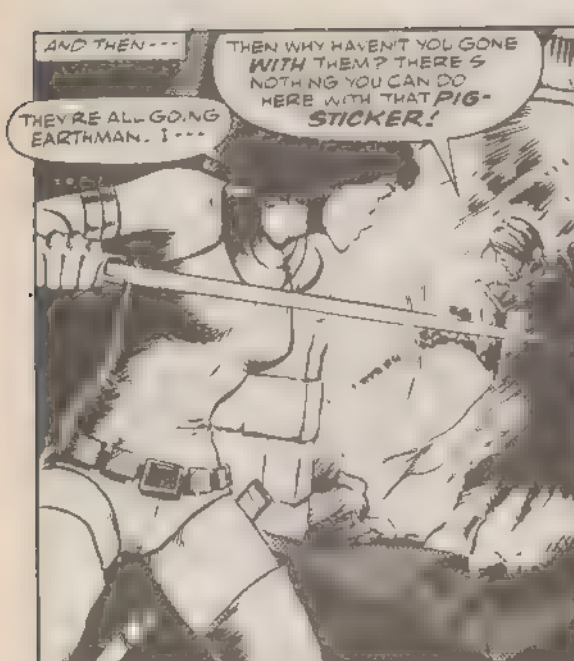
ALL UNITS
OPEN FIRE!

EXTERMINATE!
EXTERMINATE!!

FOR A TIMELESS TIME A MOMENT CRYSTALLISED IN ETERNITY, THERE IS ONLY
THIS --- DAAK THE DESTROYER DEALING DEATH ---

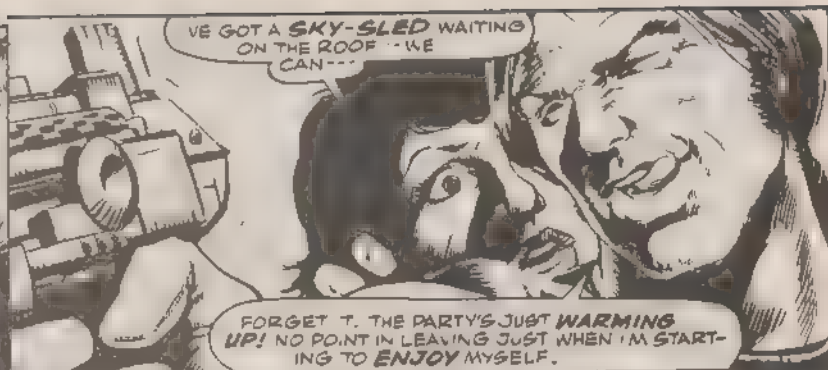
SOMETHING HE WOULD GLADLY
WELCOME FOR HIMSELF AS WELL--

BLASTED LOUSY
SHOTS! THEY
HAVEN'T HIT ME
ONCE YET..!



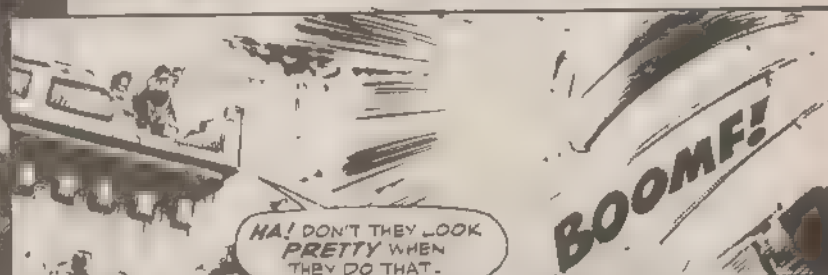
AND THEN---
THEY'RE ALL GOING
EARTHMAN. I---

THEN WHY HAVEN'T YOU GONE
WITH THEM? THERE'S
NOTHING YOU CAN DO
HERE WITH THAT PIG-
STICKER!



WE GOT A SKY-SLED WAITING
ON THE ROOF--WE
CAN---

FORGET IT. THE PARTY'S JUST WARMING
UP! NO POINT IN LEAVING JUST WHEN I'M START-
ING TO ENJOY MYSELF.



HA! DON'T THEY LOOK
PRETTY WHEN
THEY DO THAT.

BOOMF!



BUT---

BOK!

W-UUH!

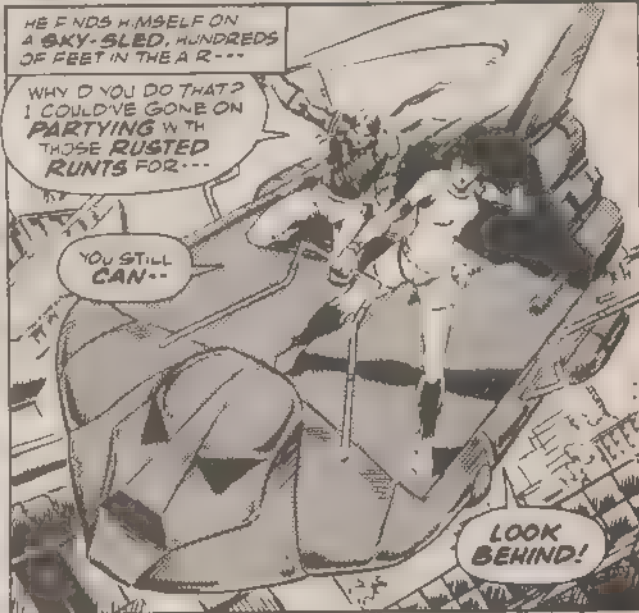
FORGIVE ME ABSOLUTELY
DAAK--BUT YOU'RE ONLY
USEFUL TO ME ALIVE!



AND THE NEXT
THING DAAK KNOWS---

WAKE UP EARTHMAN!
WAKE UP!!

WHA--WHAT'S
GOING--
YOU!

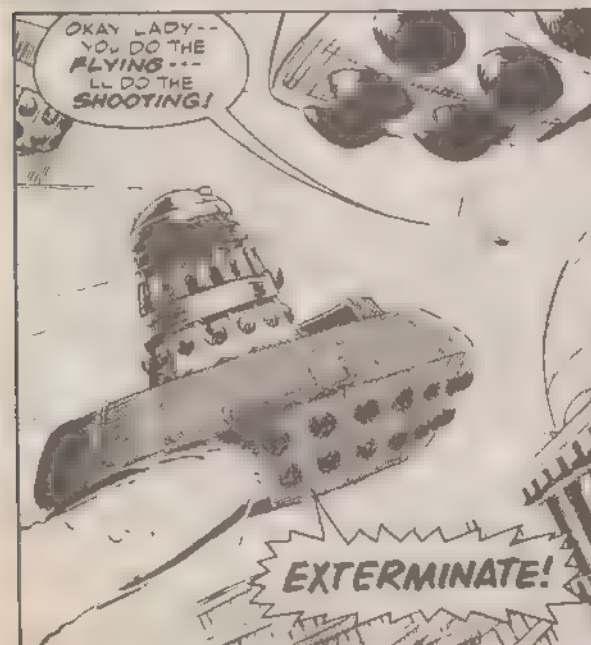


HE FINDS HIMSELF ON
A SKY-SLED, HUNDREDS
OF FEET IN THE AIR---

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
I COULD'VE GONE ON
PARTYING WITH
THOSE RUSTED
RUNTS FOR---

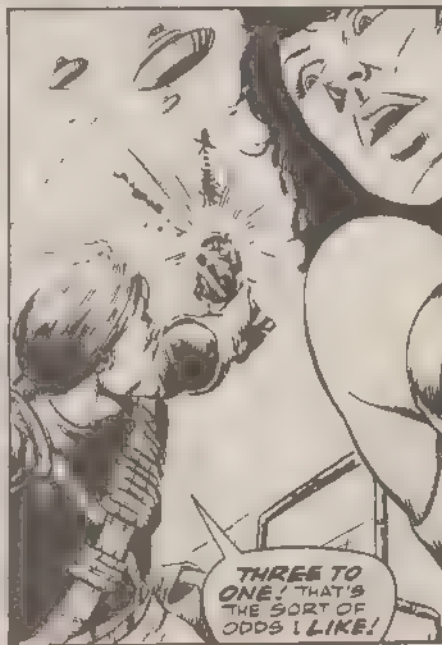
YOU STILL
CAN--

**LOOK
BEHIND!**



OKAY LADY--
YOU DO THE
FLYING--
I'LL DO THE
SHOOTING!

EXTERMINATE!

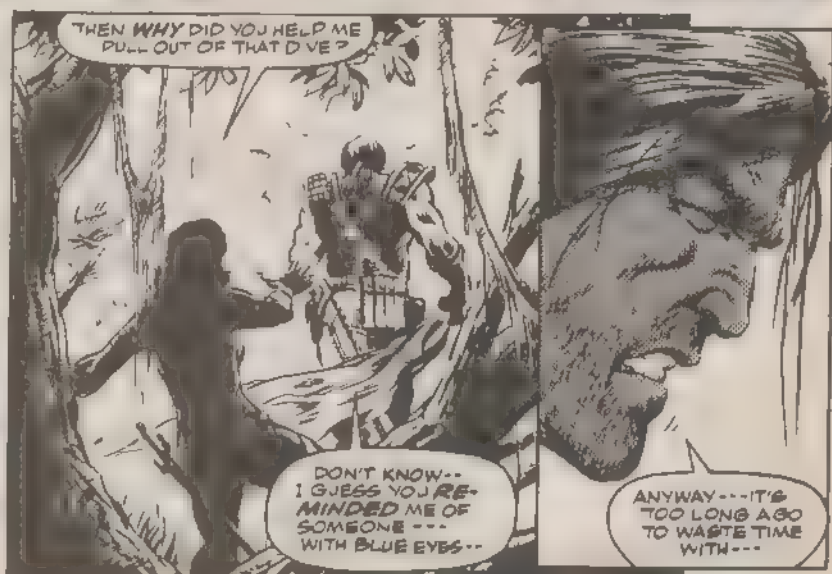
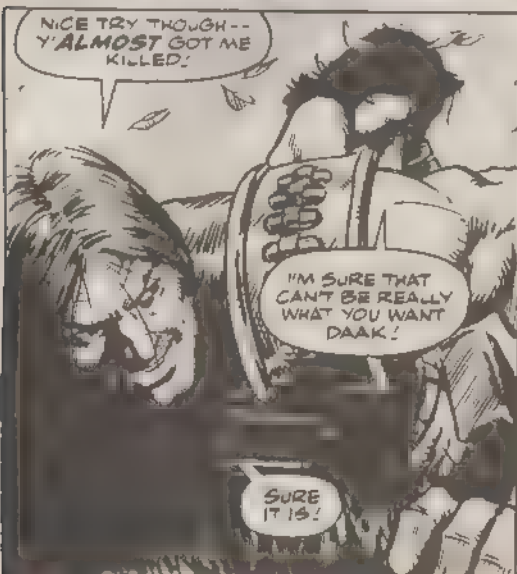
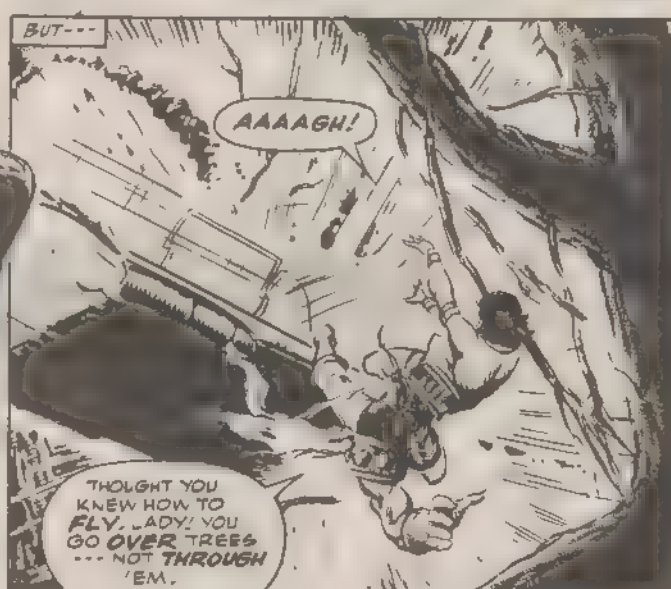


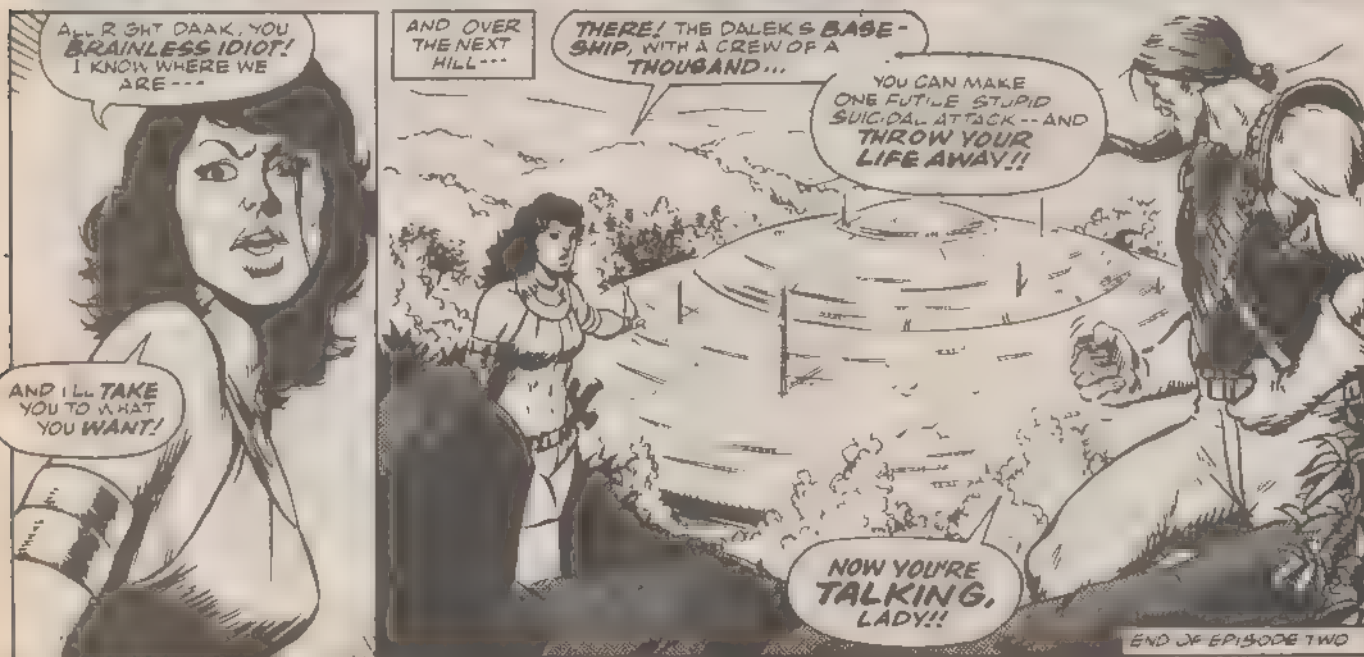
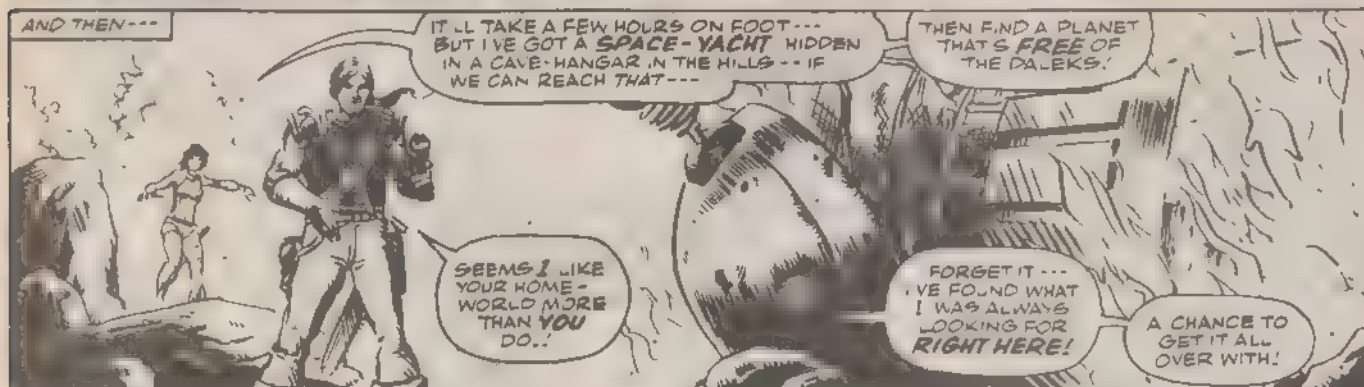
THREE TO
ONE! THAT'S
THE SORT OF
ODDS I LIKE!



ODDS WHICH SHORTEN---

THIS UNIT---
EXTERMINATED!



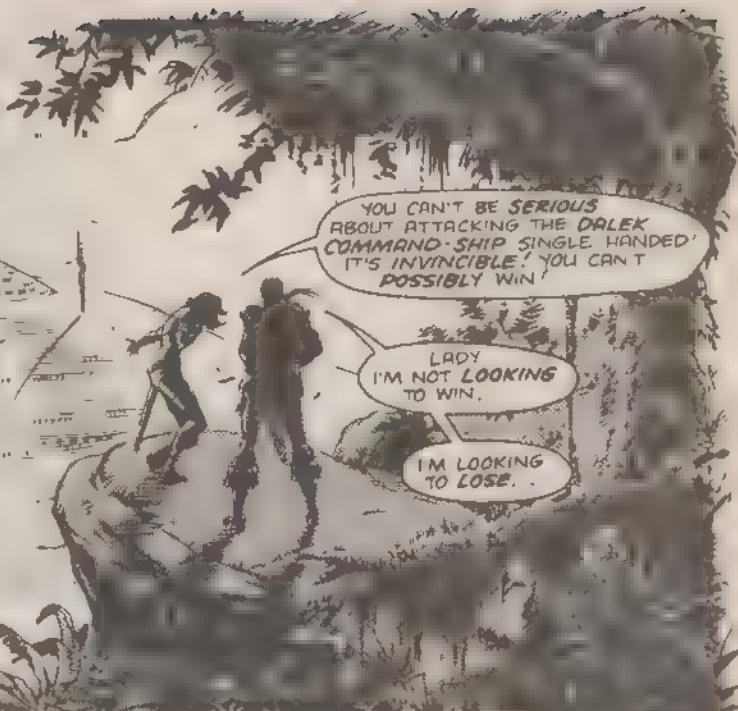


ABSLOM DAAK..

DALEK-KILLER

Part Three

SCRIPT: STEVE MOORE
ART: STEVE DILLON



YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS ABOUT ATTACKING THE DALEK COMMAND-SHIP. SINGLE HANDED! IT'S INVINCIBLE! YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY WIN!

LADY I'M NOT LOOKING TO WIN.

I'M LOOKING TO LOSE.

THE 26TH CENTURY EARTHMAN ABSLOM DAAK, CONVICTED MURDERER HAS BEEN EXILED TO THE PLANET MAZAM, RECENTLY CONQUERED BY THE DALEK EMPIRE WITH NO HOPE OF RETURN. HIS ONLY TASK IS TO KILL AS MANY DALEKS AS HE CAN BEFORE THEY KILL HIM

BUT THAT, FOR DAAK WOULD BE A WELCOME RELEASE

AND PRINCESS TAYIN, EX RULER OF MAZAM CAN ONLY SHAKE HER HEAD UNCOMPREHENDINGLY

BESIDES, IF IT GOES WRONG AND I FINISH THEM BEFORE THEY FINISH ME... YOU GET YOUR PLANET BACK!

IF YOU'RE SO EAGER TO DIE, WHY NOT JUST SHOOT YOURSELF, YOU STUPID IDIOT!

OH NO LADY THAT'D BE TOO EASY! THERE'S A FURY IN ME A HATRED...

A FIRE THAT CAN ONLY BURN ITSELF OUT IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE!

NOW YOU GOT ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY BEFORE I GET ON WITH IT?

ONLY

I-I'M COMING WITH YOU, ABSLOM DAAK

THEN YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I AM, WOMAN

HERE, TAKE THIS AND KEEP AN EYE OPEN BEHIND US.





BUT BEFORE THEY CAN GET FAR DOWN THE ROCKY HILLSIDE

TWO HUMANS LANDED IN THIS AREA! THEY ARE DANGEROUS!

THEY MUST BE EXTERMINATED! THEY WILL BE EXTERMINATED!



CAN'T BLOW 'EM UP OR WE'LL GIVE OUR POSITION AWAY! HELP ME WITH THIS BOULDER

SEEK ATTACK DESTROY!



AND, AS THE GIANT ROCK TOPPLES

WELL, THAT HALVES THE ODDS...



A CHAINSWORD WHIRRS

AND THIS HALVES THE OTHER!



IN A WAY I ALMOST LIKE DALEKS! AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHERE YOU STAND WITH KILLERS LIKE THESE

NOT LIKE THOSE TWO-FACED SNAKES BACK ON EARTH!



YOU CAN'T REALLY HATE PEOPLE SO MUCH THAT EVEN THE DALEKS SEEM BETTER!

SURE I CAN PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN ME PLENTY OF REASON...



NO YOU'RE WRONG YOU DON'T REALLY HATE ANYBODY, EXCEPT YOURSELF

YOU'RE SO TWISTED UP WITH

LADY, I'M GETTING TIRED OF ALL THIS MOUTH!

AND I TOLD YOU TO WATCH BEHIND!



VA-BOOM!



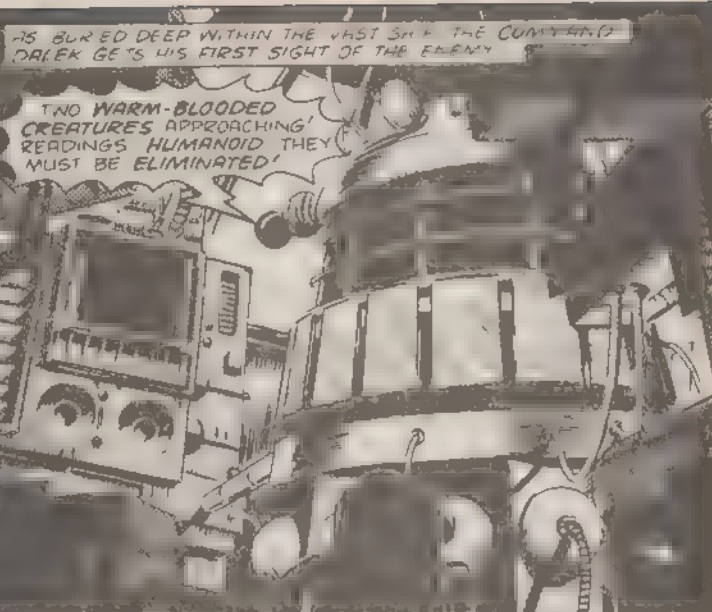
SO NOW EITHER
COVER MY BACK...OR
GET OFF IT!

I-I'M SORRY,
ABSLOM



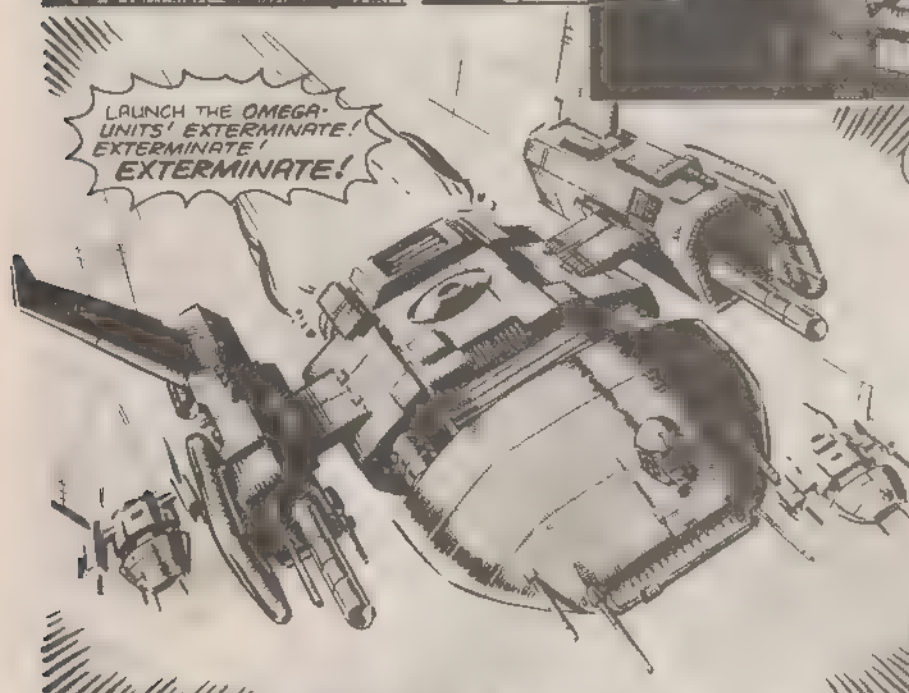
BUT NOW IT IS TOO
LATE FOR APOLOGIES.

ENERGY DISCHARGE
VECTOR 108! DALEK
UNIT EXPLODED!



AS BURED DEEP WITHIN THE VAST SKY THE COMMAND
DALEK GETS HIS FIRST SIGHT OF THE ENEMY

TWO WARM-BLOODED
CREATURES APPROACHING!
READINGS HUMANOID THEY
MUST BE ELIMINATED!



LAUNCH THE OMEGA-
UNITS! EXTERMINATE!
EXTERMINATE!
EXTERMINATE!

AH I THOUGHT I WAS ABOUT
TIME THEY TOOK SOME NOTICE
OF US! I WAS BEGINNING TO
FEEL NEGLECTED!



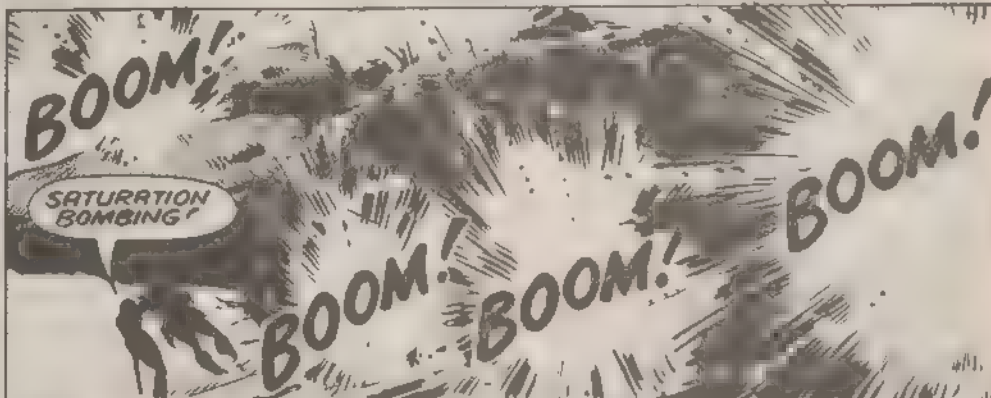
OH NO!



HURRY!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
TO COVER!

HOLD ON,
LADY! WHO'S RUNNING
THIS SHOW?

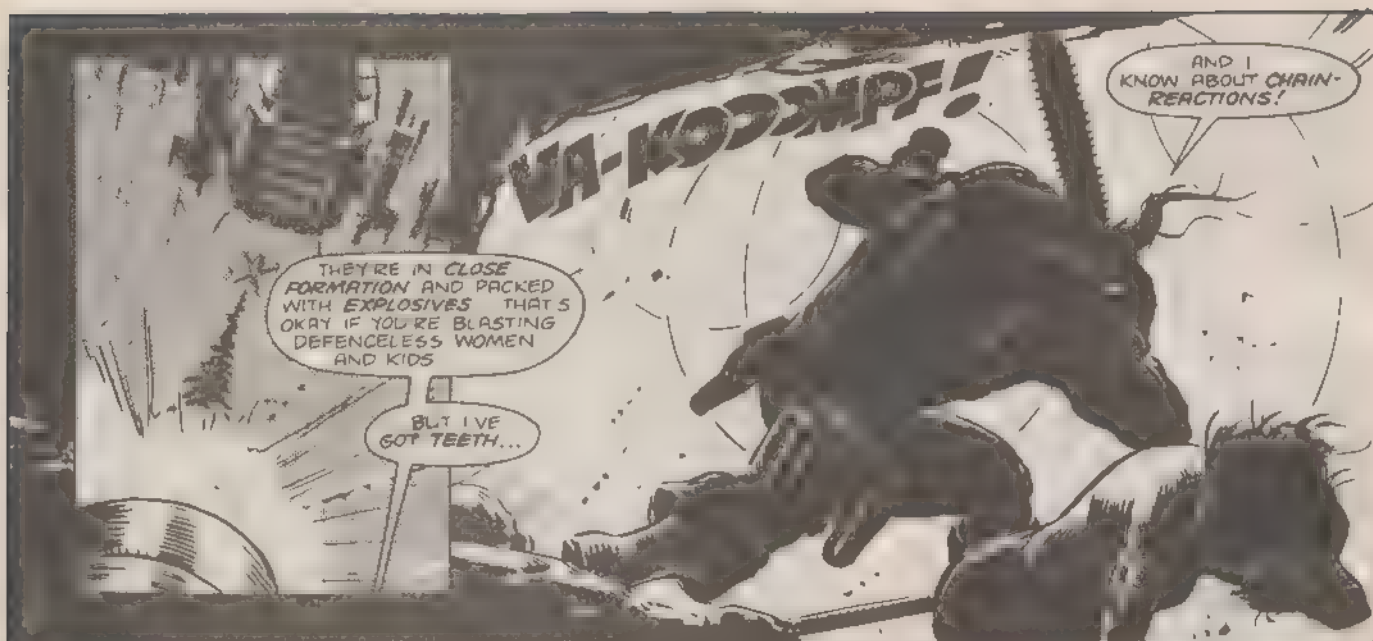
YOU DEATH
CRAZED FOOL! DON'T
YOU REALISE THE OMEGA-
UNITS SPECIALISE IN...



SATURATION
BOMBING!

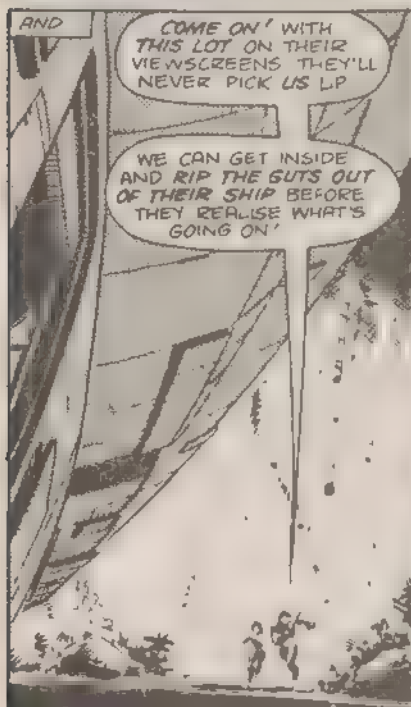


HUH! THESE
TIN-FREAKS ARE
DUMBER THAN I
THOUGHT!



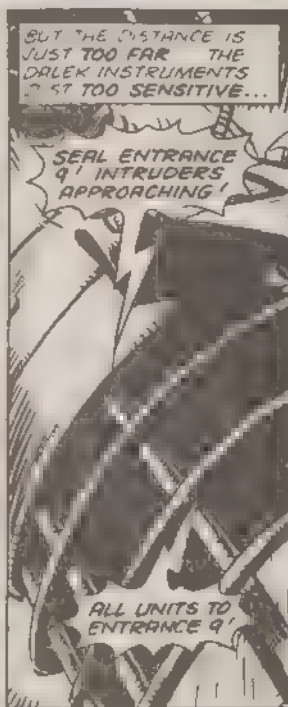
THEY'RE IN CLOSE FORMATION AND PACKED WITH EXPLOSIVES. THAT'S OKAY IF YOU'RE BLASTING DEFENCELESS WOMEN AND KIDS

BUT I'VE GOT TEETH...



COME ON! WITH THIS LOT ON THEIR VIEWScreens THEY'LL NEVER PICK US UP

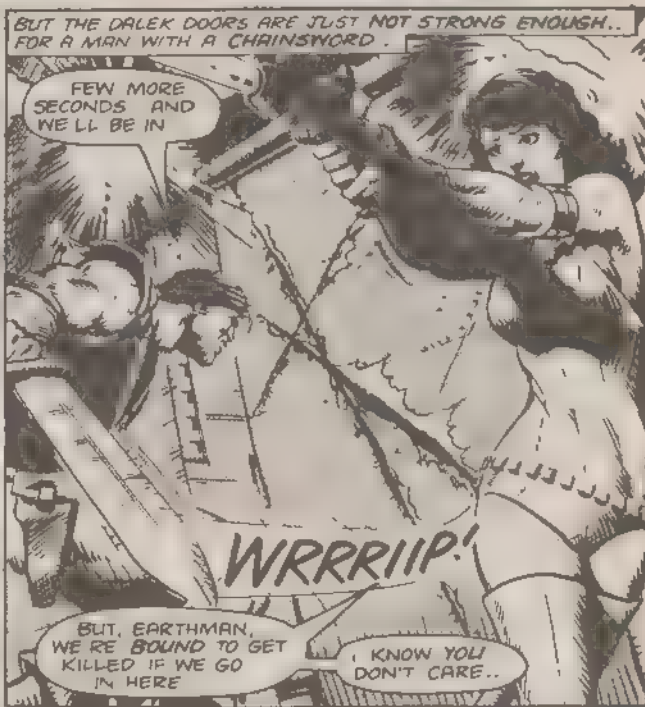
WE CAN GET INSIDE AND RIP THE GUTS OUT OF THEIR SHIP BEFORE THEY REALISE WHAT'S GOING ON!



BUT THE DISTANCE IS JUST TOO FAR. THE DALEK INSTRUMENTS ARE TOO SENSITIVE...

SEAL ENTRANCE 9! INTRUDERS APPROACHING!

ALL UNITS TO ENTRANCE 9!



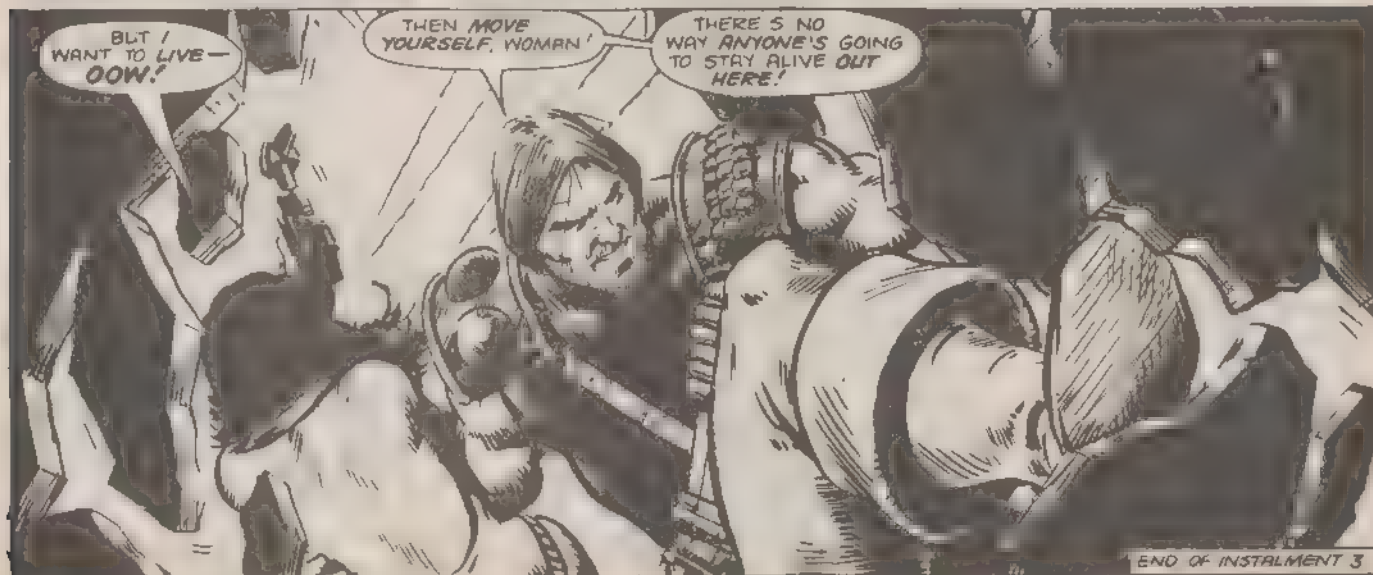
BUT THE DALEK DOORS ARE JUST NOT STRONG ENOUGH... FOR A MAN WITH A CHAINSWORD...

FEW MORE SECONDS AND WE'LL BE IN

WRRRIIP!

BUT, EARTHMAN, WE'RE BOUND TO GET KILLED IF WE GO IN HERE

I KNOW YOU DON'T CARE...



BUT I WANT TO LIVE— OOW!

THEN MOVE YOURSELF, WOMAN!

THERE'S NO WAY ANYONE'S GOING TO STAY ALIVE OUT HERE!

END OF INSTALMENT 3

ABSLOM DAAK

DALEK-KILLER

Part Three

SCRIPT: STEVE MOULTON
ART: STEVE MOULTON

THE 26TH CENTURY EARTHMAN ABSLOM DAAK, CONVICTED MURDERER, HAS BEEN EXILED TO THE PLANET MAZAM RECENTLY CONQUERED BY THE DALEK EMPIRE WITH NO HOPE OF RETURN. HIS ONLY TASK IS TO KILL AS MANY DALEKS AS HE CAN BEFORE THEY KILL HIM.

INTRUDER ALERT!
ATTACK! ATTACK!

RUN, WOMAN!
THERE'S NO TIME
BACK NOW!

BUT THEY'RE
COMING IN
AFTER US!

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCESS TAYVIN, EX RULER OF MAZAM, HE HAS FORGOTTEN HIS WAY TO THE VERY ENTRY-PORT OF THE DALEK BASE SHIP.

NOT FOR
LONG!

BUT WHERE DO
WE RUN TO?

TO OUR DEATHS
I EXPECT. I DIDN'T HAVE
TIME TO STOP AND ASK
FOR DIRECTIONS.

BUT MAYBE
THAT ISN'T SUCH
A BAD IDEA.

SNAP!

UNIT DISABLED!
NEED ASSISTANCE!

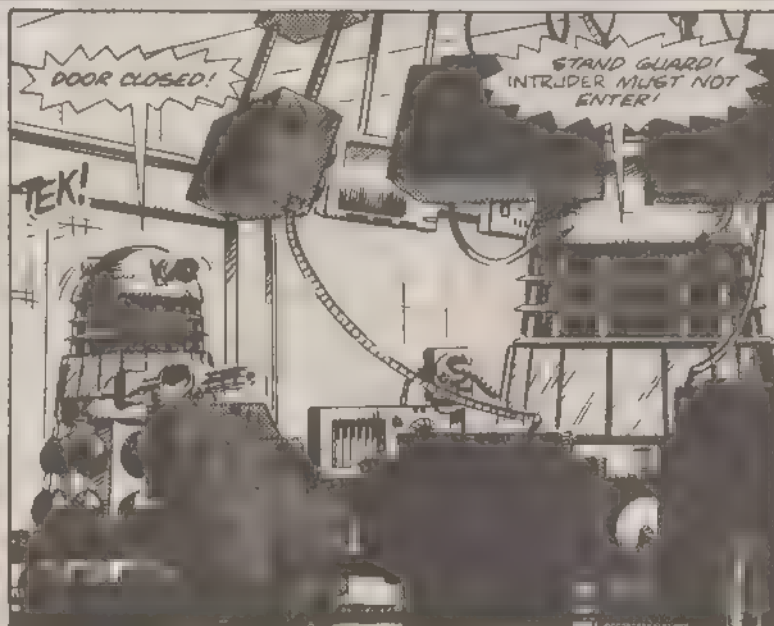
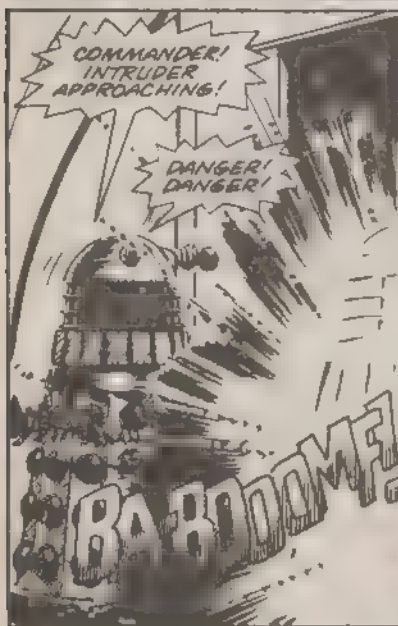
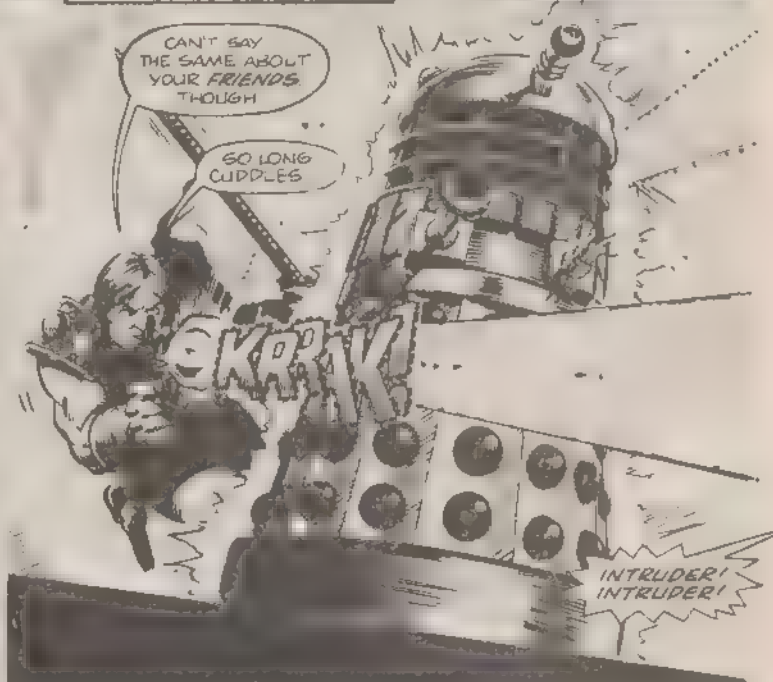
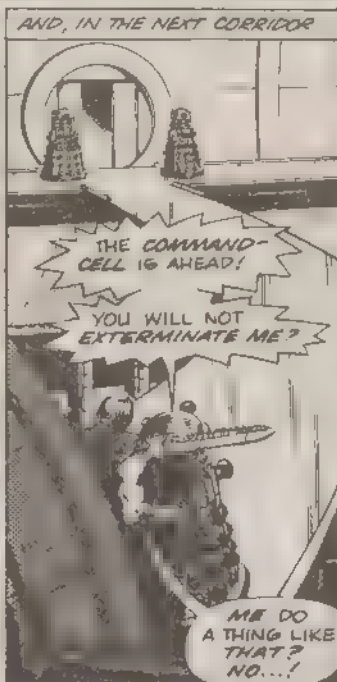
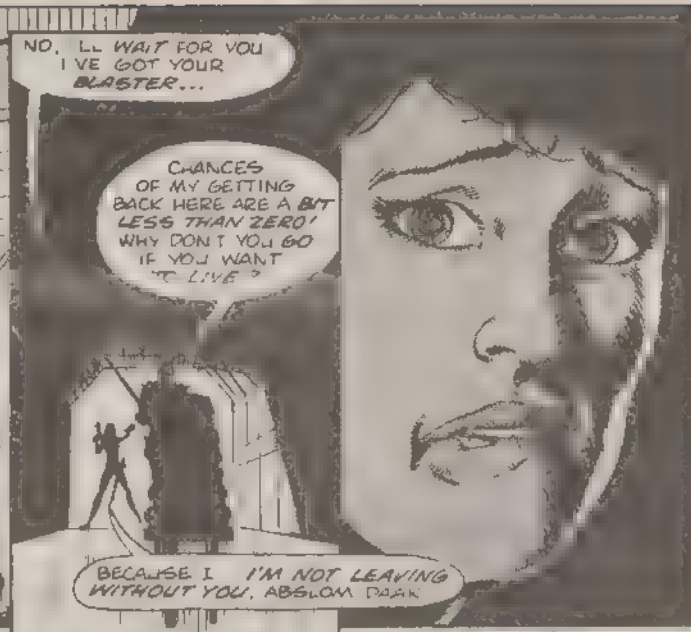
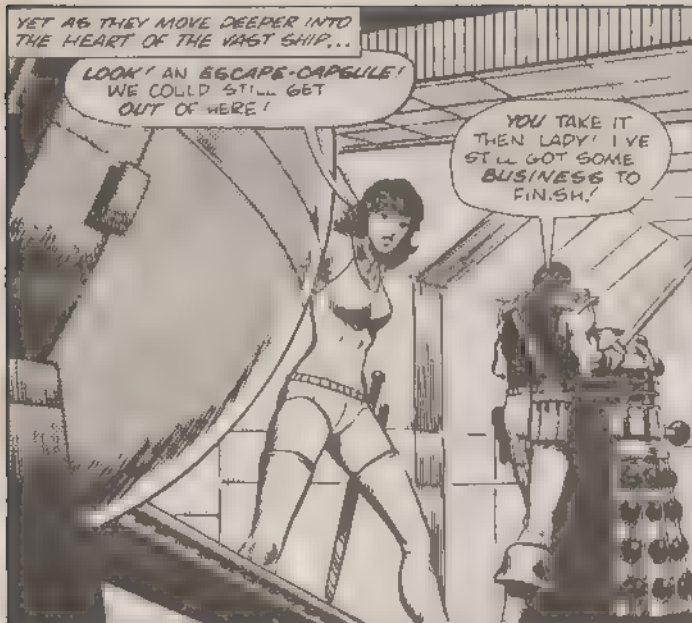
OKAY CLDDLES TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS CHAINWORD. NOTICE
THOSE NICE WHIRRING TEETH.

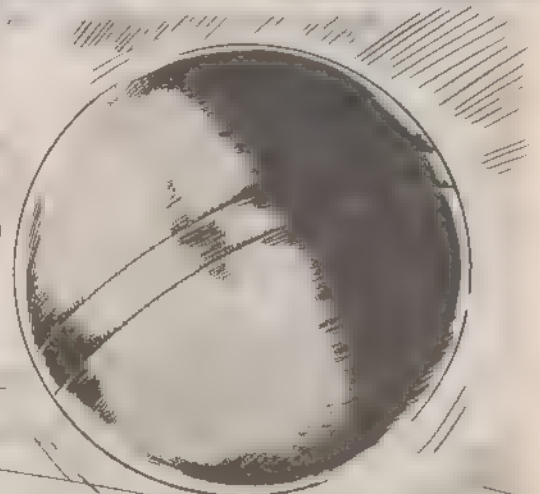
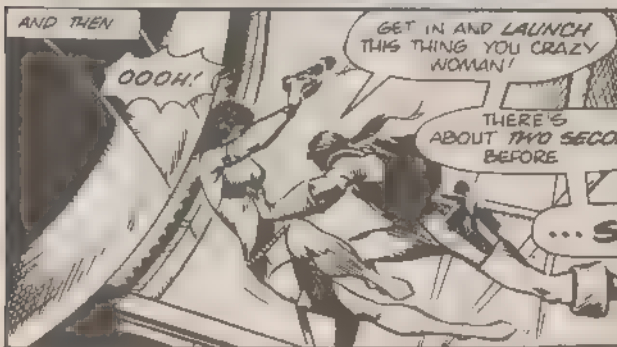
... AND IMAGINE THEM
RIPPING THROUGH YOUR
LITTLE TIN BODY!

NOW YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD
US TO THE COMMAND-
DALEK AREN'T
YOU?

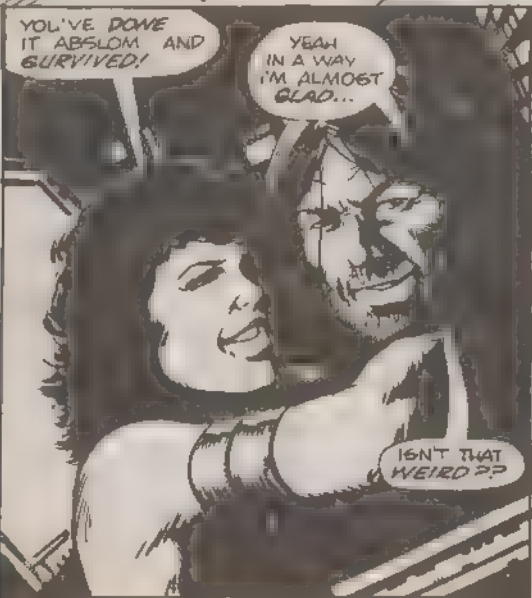
I WILL OBEY.

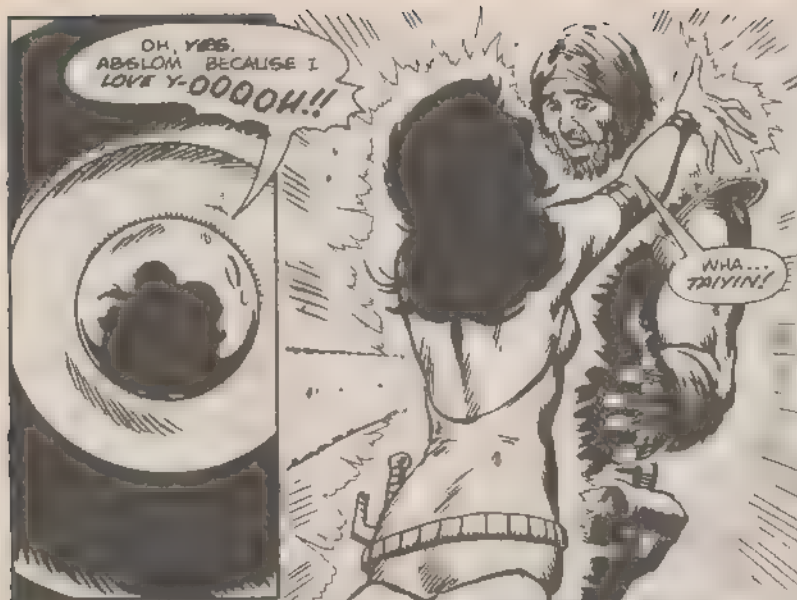
I'M
BEGINNING TO
LIKE YOU
ALREADY
CLDDLES!





KABOOM!





OH, YES.
ABSLOM BECAUSE I
LOVE Y-OOOHH!!

WHA...
TAIVIN!



YOU
MURDERING
RAT!!

RABOOM!



YOU POOR KID...
JUST WHEN YOU

I AM
HAPPY... TO DIE
IN YOUR ARMS
ABSLOM



BUT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME!
I WAS THE ONE UNDER
SENTENCE OF DEATH...

NO ABSLOM FOR
YOU THE SENTENCE IS
HARDER...



YOU
HAVE TO
LIVE.

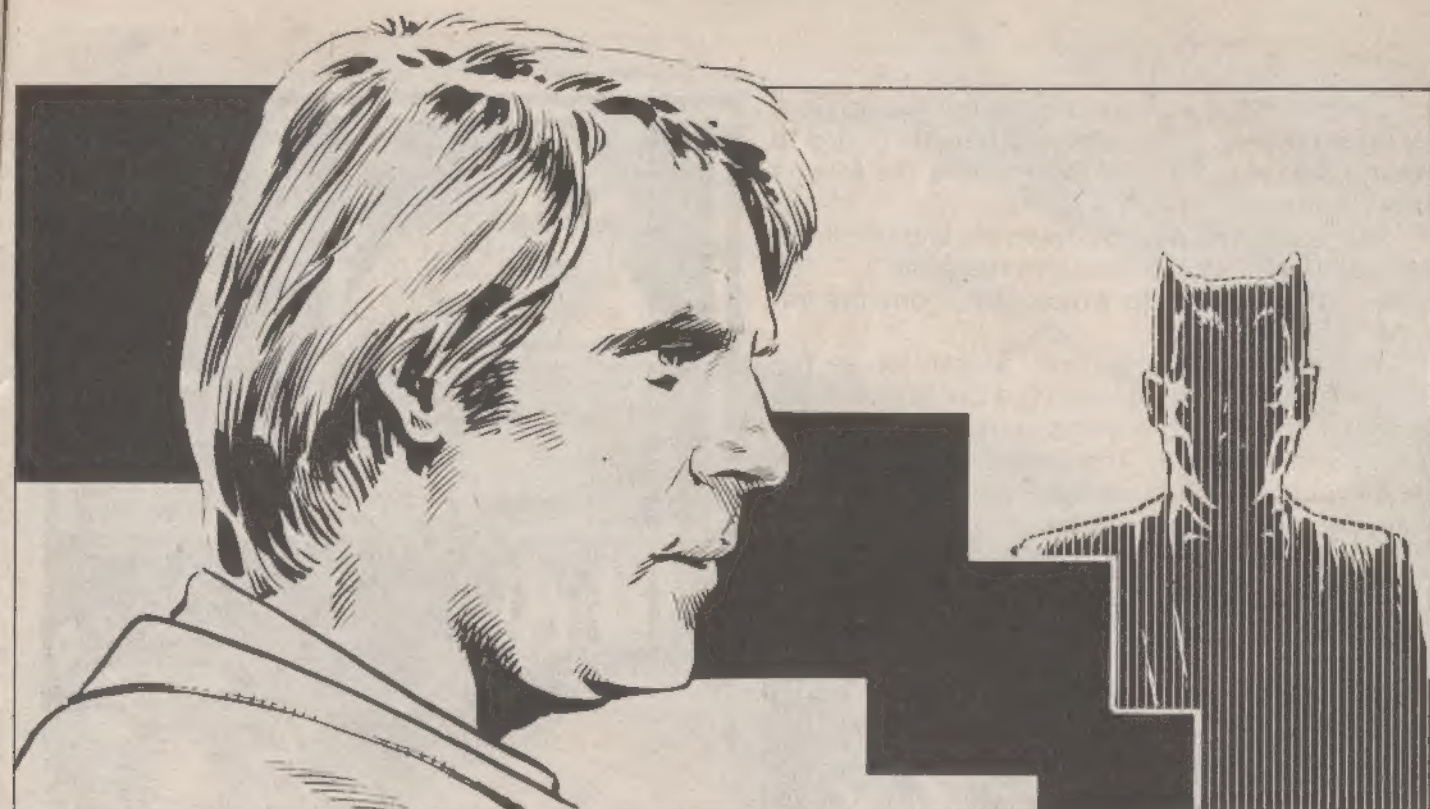


TAIVIN

I'M
GONNA
KILL
EVERY
DAMNED
STINKING
DALEK
IN
THE
GALAXY!

I'LL DO
BETTER THAN
JUST LIVE

SCOTT TAYLOR



The bowed figure of Abslom Daak was replaced by the plain grey of the blank viewscreen. The Librarian turned to face the Doctor and raised an eyebrow. "You see, Doctor. Though Daak's motivations were different to your own, he too interfered in events that didn't concern him. With tragic results. It is not my intention to undermine your ideals. I merely plead for caution. The balance of the Universe is a delicate thing."

There was silence while the Doctor digested this. Then, he spoke: "It's not for me to say whether what Abslom Daak did was right or not. But he did what he *thought* was right. And that is the duty of every sentient creature. You do what you feel is right. I do what I feel is right . . . and I don't think there's anything to gain by prolonging this conversation."

"But," continued the Doctor, "I will take this up with the elders of Gallifrey. I'll go to Rassilon, if need be. People like you cannot be allowed to manipulate reality for billions of living creatures. Am I free to go?"

The Events Librarian tried on a hurt expression. It didn't fit. "Doctor, as you said yourself, you are only a traveller who has stopped for directions. You may leave whenever you want."

The Doctor walked slowly to the TARDIS and stopped before he was inside. He glanced back at the Events Librarian, who had already forgotten about him and was busy issuing instructions to a

small group of robots who had gathered about him. Then he opened the door and stepped inside.

As the last echoes of the TARDIS were drowned by the bustle of the control centre, the Librarian walked quickly across the room and seated himself in front of a small screen and began to speak into a microphone. "Events Librarian 367. Open channel 4 to control." There was a pause as the relays aligned themselves. The face of a young female humanoid appeared on the screen. She smiled and replied.

"This is control. What is your business, 367?"

"I must speak to the controller immediately."

"I think the controller is in a meeting right now. Can I take a message?"

"This is a priority code 2 transmission. I have to speak to the controller."

"One moment," said the girl brightly and the screen went blank. When the picture returned it was a familiar face that stared out of the screen. The face of Rassilon!

"Why have you summoned me, 367?"

The Librarian coughed depreciatively. "I'm sorry, controller, I know how busy you must be, but I have something of an unusual situation on my hands. There was a Gallifreyan here. He called himself The Doctor."

"You mean there has been an unauthorised person on your station?"

"Worse than that," replied the Librarian, "in this



very control room. He found out what we do here and seemed very upset. He said he was going to demand that you do something about the Events Library system."

"The Doctor, you say? I know of this person. He has been useful to our cause in the past."

"Do you want me to erase him from the records?"

"That will not be necessary. Merely erase the events of your encounter with the Doctor from the records. Both his memory and your memory of the meeting will disappear. The Doctor will have never been in your control room. Even the ideas expressed by one such as the Doctor can have their repercussions. He is best forgotten. That is standard procedure 367. Now, don't bother me again



unless it something important." The screen went blank, but the Librarian stared at it for several long moments before he moved. He was thinking about what the Doctor had said. There was a gnawing feeling at the back of his mind that perhaps it was possible to do something more positive than merely holding events in check.

The Librarian called up the events of his discussion with the Doctor on the viewscreen. His finger paused over the "erase" button. Then he thought of the space war raging in quadrant 42-L. He took his finger away from the button. He would have to think about some of the ideas the Doctor had put forward. In the meantime, there was a war to monitor. Time enough for philosophy between battles . . .



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